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THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF NORWAY.

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SIDE and ASTRIDE

IN this country it is but seldom that Authority can make rules without giving reasons, but for those whom the rules satisfy there is always a certain restfulness in such a procedure. The authorities of the Richmond Royal Horse Show have made a rule that, at this year's Show in June, lady riders must not ride astride. The rule applies to all parades and to all classes for hacks. And no sooner was the rule made than it became clear that there were those whom it did not satisfy. That was to be expected—and it was expected, no doubt, by the Richmond authorities even more than by lesser authorities. The discussion has been widely taken up by the daily Press—both widely and enthusiastically; indeed, some of our daily papers have displayed so ingenuous an enthusiasm as to lead us to suppose that they think the discussion a new one.

Actually, so much has already been said and written on this "Side-saddle or astride" problem that it seems extremely unlikely that there is anything to be added to

the discussion at this stage. At least, we can believe that the Richmond Show authorities will long since have heard and read all that is being said and written on the subject again to-day. The Richmond authorities have given no reasons and stated no opinions, but in any discussion of their ruling it has, perhaps, to be remembered that the Richmond authorities are Show authorities. Whomever else the new rule may not satisfy, it will be greeted with delight by the non-riding spectator of Horse Shows. The non-riding spectator, finding a woman riding side-saddle, finds her a picture of grace; and we cannot suppose that the most churlish of spectators would demand rhyme or reason for that. Those whom the rule does not satisfy will ask, no doubt, why the rule is not made to apply to the Jumping Classes—if the Show authorities are satisfied that side-saddle is the better seat. But those who have made this rule have not said that they are satisfied of this or of anything else. They have merely said that this is to be the rule at Richmond for certain classes of the more picturesque kind. As to what are usually (if so dangerously!) referred to as "the facts of the matter" in any such discussion—three facts have long since emerged from the Side or Astride dispute. Of the two seats, the side-saddle is the more easily learnt, the more quickly learnt, and requires the less muscular development. For the rest, it seems to be a fact that the "old-fashioned" side-saddle seat has for some time been coming back from the actually out-of-date; and in the principal riding schools the new fashion appears to be to teach side-saddle riding to the majority of lady learners and to nearly all little girls. Perhaps it is what we may describe as the "middle generation" which would be chiefly affected if the Richmond Show ruling came to have a wider application. It may be that the youngest generation is already engaged upon learning to ride side-saddle. The elder generations will return, whether happily or not, yet easily enough, to the old side-saddle ways. But the middle generation will certainly be in a difficulty if it wishes to ride side-saddle, having never learnt to do so.

At least one lady has already objected that the new rule is contrary to "the oldest laws of riding." We must suppose that those very old laws were unwritten laws, and it would, therefore, be difficult to support an argument in contradiction of this lady. It would be difficult even if we wished to do a thing at once so ungallant and so likely to involve us in a return to a discussion from which we were not unwilling to emerge some considerable time ago. But after the unwritten law came the drawn picture. Here we might hope to be on firmer ground and in a position to offer our support to that lady so cheerfully laying down the law if that lady should happen to need our support and the argument grow too fierce to be entirely suitable for ladies. Yet the pictures are very little help to us. It is true that the Androcides vase shows a Grecian maiden going out hunting riding astride. But does not the Conversano en Puglia picture put Artemis in a side-saddle? It does. Then what are we to say of Gloriana herself—Elizabeth of England "excellently disposed to hunting," so that she rides a-hunting and not astride, "every second day," in her seventy-seventh year. Are we to say that a Queen of England broke the oldest laws of riding? Whatever those facts of the matter may be, only a very rash man would have said it of that Queen of England.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Crown Prince and Princess of Norway, taken before their marriage last Thursday. Prince Olaf is the son of the King and Queen of Norway (who is Princess Maud of England) and Princess Marina is the second daughter of Prince Charles of Sweden.

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs and sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return, if unsuitable.

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COUNTRY NOTES.

AS we go to press semi-official statements regarding the report of the Police Commission are already appearing in the daily newspapers, and by the time this issue of COUNTRY LIFE reaches our readers its exact terms may have become public. If, as is suggested, the Commissioners pay tribute to the manner in which the general body of police perform their duties, they are doing no more than justice to what is probably the finest police force in the world, and everybody will be delighted that the approval of the Commissioners should be publicly stated at a time when the conduct of a few individuals has seemed for a time to tarnish a great reputation. It is hardly to be expected that the Report will be sensational in its recommendations. If, however, it recommends, as is suggested, a strengthening of the powers of the police in the matter of the inspection of clubs, there is sure to be acute controversy. In spite of the social workers and temperance enthusiasts who argue on the lines of *post hoc ergo propter hoc* that the greater public sobriety of late years is due to Government restrictions, the average fair-minded man sees many other reasons to account for the improvement, and he is irritated by a system of petty interference with his daily existence. It is generally supposed that the Commission will make few recommendations involving legislation.

THE colossal output of books which is one of the most unfortunate symptoms of progress is, naturally, leaving its mark on the universities. Cambridge is building a new University Library, and at length Oxford has decided how to expand Sir Thomas Bodley's venerable library. In the eighteenth century a similar crisis was solved, in the grand manner, by the building of the Radcliffe Camera from Gibbs' designs—a monument that forms the architectural hub round which Oxford revolves, but is scarcely as capacious as modern librarians could wish. Convocation has now approved the building of a store for little-wanted books outside the city, and the erection of an annexe to the Bodleian on the north side of Broad Street opposite the Clarendon Building. The genial buildings, which have occupied the site for the past three centuries or so, are a valuable foil to the monumental group composed of the Clarendon, the Sheldonian and the Bodleian. Their placid plaster faces, framing the more grandiose stone, will be badly missed. The designs for the new buildings should be equally unassertive. A fussy Renaissance façade like that of the Examination Schools or the Rhodes Building would be deplorable on that site.

ETON usually has at least its share of the occupants of high places, and there is a pleasant story of a Fourth of June celebration in France during the War at which a young officer plunged into a "rouge bully" after dinner,

exclaiming that he had never yet kicked an Army commander, and was going to do so then. In more peaceful walks of life Eton is at present well represented, and on Monday night the Lord Mayor asked a number of Old Etonians to dinner at the Mansion House to celebrate the fact that the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Mayor and the Speaker were all at the same school. These were reinforced by the Governor of the Bank of England and the Chairman of the London County Council, and, no doubt, the list might be almost infinitely prolonged. The Viceroy of India and the Governor-General of Canada are two who obviously suggest themselves.

Mankind sinks back abashed and beaten
Unable to endure the glare of Eton,

"J. K. S." sang with friendly malice of his old school, and Monday night's gathering was certainly a glittering show.

THE acquisition by the Foreign Office Sports Association of Swakeleys, the historic Charles I mansion at Ickenham, has saved another fine house in the neighbourhood of London from an uncertain fate. A few years ago, when there seemed a possibility that the whole estate might be developed and built over, Mr. H. J. Talbot bought the house and 30 acres of ground immediately around it, with the hope of saving them from spoliation, and a scheme was outlined in this paper for converting the house and its outbuildings into flats. The scheme, however, did not materialise, and the future of Swakeleys still remained uncertain. Happily, it is now assured of a better destiny. The house will form a club for members of the Foreign Office, who will have here a beautiful and easily accessible centre for meeting one another, and the 30 acres of grounds will provide plenty of space for playing fields. Although most of the money for purchasing the estate has already been raised and the remainder guaranteed, the fund is still open, and donations may be sent to the hon. treasurer, the Hon. Mervyn Herbert, Tetton House, Taunton.

LARKS.

The larks are like a thousand stars
To light a misty sky.
A thousand sparks of gold they seem,
Their dazzling song's a glinting stream,
They flicker low and high.

As paler orbs prick into sight
When clouds ride o'er the moon,
So stooping larks put out their light,
Revealing kindred voices bright
That crowd the air at noon.

Though skies be grey and east wind blow
Their trillings pierce the haar;
They stud the lift and shimmering glow,
Each hovers o'er its nest below
And falls—a shooting star.

MABEL M. BOASE.

TO go in against a score of over five hundred and then to win comfortably, almost easily, was a great feat on the part of the Australian eleven, and, though we should dearly have liked to win all five matches, we must not grudge them this victory. In a contest of endurance they showed the greater dourness and lasting power and consistency. It was a memorable match, but it is sincerely to be hoped that we shall never have to remember another like it. For all the skill and the courage shown in it, this match has surely killed the cricket of no time limit by the process of *reductio ad absurdum*. This sort of thing is not far from being a degradation of a great game, and even though, for the moment, it may make the turnstiles click satisfactorily enough, it must sooner or later sicken even the most passionate partisans. Many true lovers of cricket it has utterly sickened already. It may confidently be asserted that we shall never have it here. There must be limits to everything, even to cricket.

SCOTLAND beat England before a great crowd at Murrayfield by four tries to two, and so made themselves the champion country of the year. This, however,

was but incidental, for that which Scotsmen desire far more than any championship is the defeat of the ancient enemy. England led at half-time and again in the second half. Then their adversaries were roused to a perfect frenzy of effort, and Ian Smith, the "Flying Scotsman," began a series of raids which recalled his most brilliant form in earlier years. First Macpherson would juggle with the ball and tie his opponents into knots; then would come a swift pass to the wing and a streak of lightning down the touchline. The first of Smith's two tries was heroic. He flung himself at the full-back and the corner flag, and his impetus carried him over the one and smashed the other. His second one, a similar effort, gave the Englishmen their *coup-de-grace* and made sure of a thoroughly well deserved victory.

THE Scottish selectors this season have been content to rely on men who are, most of them, past their best, but retained enough of their former greatness to carry them through. Several who had earned a rest from the strenuous demands of international football rose nobly to the occasion, and Bannerman, playing his thirty-seventh, and probably his last, match for his country, was at least as good as any forward on the ground. A good deal of sympathy may be felt with the English players, of whom almost too much was asked. Five of them were new to international matches, the three-quarters had never played together before and the halves had scarcely seen each other till last week. The selectors' heroic measures in attempting to blend experience with youth did not quite succeed, but the players fought a good fight, and the younger ones among them may come more fully into their kingdom in another year.

MOST building clients, possessed of a peninsular site like that on which the new Underground headquarters are rising, would have kept the architect's nose tight to the frontage line. The result would have been an amorphous pile, of vague contours, shutting out the light from the neighbourhood, and itself evilly lit from the gorge-like streets and from "wells." Messrs. Adams Holden and Pearson, who have already persuaded the Underground that they know their business—in Piccadilly Circus and many other new stations—instead of planning a large hollow building, have, so to speak, thrown their courts and wells into the street. The cruciform plan of the building, the sheer walls of which rise from a low hull following the frontage, forms singularly forceful masses of light and shade, while all the rooms, and all houses on the opposite sides of the streets, get as much daylight as is to be had. Over the "crossing" a tower is rising which is quite justified by the vital part that transport plays in the City's life. It is still difficult to see Epstein's and Eric Gill's sculpture, though some of it is in position. The former has not decorated a building since he did the sculpture for the British Medical Association's old offices in the Strand, and one wonders whether as much fuss will be made over it as the Strand figures and "Rima" called up. Or has the Underground educated Londoners to appreciate modern art?

A RUMOUR is current that the Royal Institute of British Architects has acquired a site for its new offices in an important street south of Piccadilly Circus. The present building in Conduit Street has long been inadequate, and during the last few years the Foundling Hospital and the Civil Service Commission in Burlington Gardens have been among the sites canvassed. On the question of who is to design the new building, the Institute is said to be divided between the supporters of Sir Edwin Lutyens, Sir Giles Scott and a competition. This latter solution would, in our opinion, be a mistake. Competitions continue to be won, yet the standard of architecture continues to decline, for the minor points that win competitions rarely accompany real excellence of design. Sir Giles Scott is, of course, himself the great exception to this generalisation. But between him and Sir Edwin Lutyens, we believe that such a body as the Royal Institute would be doing best for itself and for London by choosing the latter. The new building must needs be primarily domestic

in character, and Sir Edwin is the recognised leader in the domestic field. No individual has exerted so profound and yet so personal an influence on house design since the Adams. A century hence almost every house built to-day will be vaguely termed "Lutyens," and it would be only fitting for the R.I.B.A. to be housed in a manner ideally typical of the nineteen-twenties.

THERE is a good deal of satisfaction to be derived from the archaeological discovery of an exact date for the Deluge. This gives us not only scientific confirmation of the Bible legend, but a line of demarcation between ante-diluvian and post-diluvian man. Dr. Stephen Langdon, Professor of Assyriology at Oxford, has dug down through the site of Kish to 9ft. below present water level, where there is virgin soil overlaid with traces of neolithic man. This end of the scale he dates about 5000 B.C. Above this is recorded in layers successive civilisations, but these are interrupted at 4000 B.C. by a narrow layer of river clay marking a great inundation, and at about 3300 B.C. by another broader band of river clay containing fish and potsherds. These flood levels mark the ends of definite periods of civilisation and culture, and when the human story is resumed we find a different class of pot and a different civilisation. From these we can fairly conclude that the waters rose and covered the face of the earth, and that the floods were long enduring. The tradition which endures through Sumerian, Babylonian and Hebrew history appears to have been abundantly confirmed.

ADA.

When morning logs sang wrapt in flame
You crept bare-footed down the stair
And took your hob-warmed bowl, and blame,
Soft-smiling through your tangled hair.
Your kindly father hooked your dress,
"Sweet Ada!" crooned he low, and smiled.
Your sister mocked your tardiness,
You were your mother's lazy child.

Now framed in oak above the door,
Erect, immutable and neat,
In ceremonial pinafore
You grace the meal, but do not eat.
Your wild young sister's glances go
Sometimes to your still face in shame
As, humbly, sideways-looking, low,
Your mother chides her with your name.

When fallen logs are powdered grey,
And stealthy creaks the rotting board,
When clacks the clock that chirped by day,
And mice and spirits stir abroad,
With what surprise your timid ghost,
Lifting the homely latch, must sigh
To see that wooden watching-post,
That stately watcher, stare on high!

Lie still, sleep sound, leave not your bed,
For heavy weighs the watered sod,
And heavy, heavy on your head
The garland of the household god!

IANTHE JERROLD.

THE Mayor of Exeter might be thought to have shown himself unduly pessimistic about the spoliation his county is suffering when he spoke at the annual dinner of the London Devonian Association last Saturday. But the host of evils which *chars-à-bancs* have brought with them as they have penetrated deeper and deeper into its recesses may well make Devonians despair. Since the war the South Hams have begun to suffer the fate of the coast farther east, bungalows and cafés springing up in the most unexpected places; and in quite wild parts of Dartmoor the hand of the jerry-builder has already got to work. Then, too, to satisfy the demands of the motor coaches, road widening is everywhere in progress, and too often this has meant the felling of wayside elms and the destruction of the high loam banks and hedges. The typical Devonshire lane is, presumably, considered obsolete, and it looks as though it will soon go the way of many other obsolete but beautiful things if a halt is not called to the present mania for road "improvements."

WHERE IS SPRING?



SPRING'S AWAKENING.

THIS year we seem to have a Rip van Winkle of our own. Where is spring? Certainly not doing her duty by this country. In past years, however treacherous the weather may have been, however we may have groaned and grumbled at the inclemencies of our climate, we have never experienced a season such as this—at least, those of us who do not live for the vagaries of the weather and who count history by the wet June of 1898 or by the fact that primroses were in full bloom in January of 1902. Those who live by rule of thumb and doff their winter underclothing on a set date each year must be puzzled.

Here we are in the middle of March, and the weather is exactly like that of a perfect autumn. If a real Rip van Winkle was to wake he would be surprised not to find the shooting season in full swing. Even the air, brisk and pleasant though it is, is sleepy. There is none of the tang and the feeling of quickening about it which sets the sap racing in everything that is alive. It is like dry bread, an admirable food with additions, with no butter and with nothing, not even water, to wash it down. In fact, it is disappointing.

It is disappointing in more ways than one. Everything to do with the soil is backward, so backward that one cannot



STREAKS OF SILVER, PURPLE AND GOLD.



YELLOW PRIMROSES CARPET THE WOODLAND.



THE SCENT OF WILD GARLIC FILLS THE AIR.

help feeling that the moment spring does arrive in real earnest the countryside will give her the cold shoulder. Summer will be upon us in a flash and spring will not have existed. And this is a pity, for of all the seasons of the year the slow awakening, the promise of good things to come, the pulsation of quickening life is the most enchanting to most of us. Western Europe must be beloved by all the gods, and the British Isles the best beloved, as to us alone of almost all countries is given this season of spring. In the tropics it is unnoticed. The forests are a trifle greener; there are a few more flowers, but when the temperature reaches above a certain point no one pays attention to these slight changes. In other countries with extremes everything is in such a hurry that spring is passed in a flash. That is why those from overseas have such a love for our spring, and this love persists whatever the local conditions may be, whether it is a cold, draughty season or a wet, muggy one. They smell the good earth, which is almost odorless for the rest of the year; they feel the sense of youth around them; they see the leaves uncurling and the buds opening. They appreciate the slowness of the process that goes on in this country, where life is not in a tremendous hurry. Perhaps, after all, this slow awakening is what gives us our reputation as a nation that takes life easily. If you take two peoples of a similar racial tendency and settle one in a country where nature moves along at a jog-trot, certain to get there but only in its own good time, and the other in a country where winter and summer bustle on the top of each other, there is bound to be a difference in their outlook on life. One will move slowly, the other in a hurry.

From the æsthetic point of view there is much to be thankful for in springtime. Smells there are, good fresh smells, which do not exist at other times of the year. It begins with the turning over of the earth, continues through the indefinable odours of a wood breaking into leaf—where you sniff and cannot tell what it is you are sniffing—through the whole gamut of spring flowers, some of them strong, like the jonquil, others with a faint reminiscent scent which is difficult to classify, like the primrose, until finally you come to that climax of all spring smells, the scent of new-mown hay, which really and truly belongs to spring, although sometimes it may be late, and which is the quintessence of all the scents you have been longing for during the winter. Of all the smells which are most typical of England to those who live abroad in the tropics, that of hay is the most lasting and calls up the most memories. An expert in scents would probably classify it under some long-sounding Latin name, but to the ordinary being it is sweet, it is sharp, with a pleasant tang of bitterness, it is warm, it is spicy, it is flowery; it contains all that spring has been storing up.

Sights there are, pleasant sights, that one can get at no other time of the year. If you are so minded, there is immense pleasure to be gained from the minutiae of plant life, the colouring of a bud, the flush of green that spreads over a wood, so slowly and so gently at the start and ending with a flood of colour as bud upon bud swells and bursts into leaf. But for these delicate nuances of shade you must have an eye that is trained to minute differences, and a sensibility that can take in and understand what you see. If you are one of the lucky ones, these soft tones are the most charming of all. Then there are the more obvious sights, the carpeting of a wood with anemones, swathes of daffodils by the pond, a purple mist of crocuses in the grass. But those are there for all to



A HOST OF GOLDEN DAFFODILS.



IN THE ORCHARD CHERRY BLOSSOM AND DRIFTS OF DAFFODILS.

see, the trumpet call which all can hear that spring is here. Many are more satisfied with the change of tone on the wider landscape of the countryside, but these local details of more brilliant colour have a simplicity of colour and background that no amount of the more glowing beauties of summer can give. It is this simplicity of setting and arrangement which is one of the most charming points about spring.

And where are they this year, all that we are accustomed to and long for during the winter? The country is browner than at the end of a scorching August. There is no burst of green, and little of that preliminary swelling of the buds that is the forerunner of spring. There is scarcely a blade of young grass to be seen, and most of the old is still flattened and bears that tired, bedraggled look that only prolonged frost or snow can give it. The air is dry as a bone, and overhead there is a blue vault and a bright sun such as one only sees with frosty nights. There is no quickening, no awakening as yet; and meanwhile those who garden are vastly behind with

their labour, and there is much grumbling and hard swearing. For all the brilliant clarity of the air, it is rather a sorry picture, and we are left a little bewildered. For once, we are sorry for this fine weather and long for a little of that March rain that is the origin of so much that is good in our land, although we may complain bitterly while it is with us. We brag about the sun being as hot as on the Riviera, and all the time we are disappointed. Have you seen the snowdrops this year? Most of them are little wizened things on short stems appearing on a scorched lawn.

We wonder when we are going to see the usual spring sights and smell the usual spring smells and hear the usual spring lit of the birds. And with it is the fear that when they do come they will be fleeting, and whatever summer may bring will be upon us.

This is a mournful note on which to write an article upon spring, but this feeling is very general and not confined to one or two individuals. Spring should be well under way at the moment, at least in the south; and where is spring?

LOOKING FORWARD TO SANDWICH

By BERNARD DARWIN.

I HAVE a distinct grievance against fate and I propose to air it. I lately determined to accept the invitation of a kind friend to play two or three days' golf at Sandwich. I thought that I ought to have an excuse for such idleness in the middle of the week; so I said to myself that it was an obvious duty to have a look at the scene of the next Amateur Championship and see how the course was coming on. Having got this really capital excuse, I did some anticipatory gloating over the picture of myself playing in gorgeous sunshine while other people were contemplating the opposite side of a dingy street through a London fog.

For this selfish conduct I was duly punished. Things did not turn out at all as I had hoped. I had one day's golf, during which an icy cold sea mist not merely obscured the sun, but sometimes also the putting green to which we were proceeding. All day long a sore throat and a cold in the head made themselves painfully obtrusive, and when I got home I collapsed into bed. It is, indeed, from my bed that I now write, and the only golf I am likely to play is in imagination, in the land of counterpane. Let my melancholy case be a warning not to rejoice over the deprivations of others.

However, I did have that one snuffling, sneezing, coughing day's golf at St. George's and so can fulfil my original purpose of saying something about the course. It is all rather yellow, as are all courses just now after the snow and the frost, but already the greens are as good as can be; already the ball wants coaxing gently on that slippery tenth green, and to go for a three is very likely to take a five. Through the green the course is clearly not yet ready to be judged, for it is still in a state of being "dressed"; so the lies are, for the moment, closer than usual; but, given some nice warm rain, everything will be in apple-pie order when the bell rings. I did not see signs of any revolutionary activities. I did see, carved out of the turf at Hades, the outline of a new bunker to be made there. It is on the face of the hillside, flanking the green on the right, from which an undeserving ball will occasionally run round not only on to the green, but close to the hole. There is also another short of this one, and I believe there is to be a new one on the left. A few criminals will be caught, but the Hades green is so vast that I cannot think the hole will ever be a great one. Given a strong adverse wind blowing a little from the left, the hole does, at any rate, require a man's shot; but it is not wildly interesting, and on a still day, when the hole can be played with some lofted iron, it is, despite its name and fame, but a mediocre thing. It is better than the Maiden, and incomparably better than the Sandy Parlour at Deal, but this is not high praise.

One small matter of some interest is that a great deal of rough grass and bents have been burnt. The country to the left of the first hole, for instance, and to the left of the fourth and at some other spots now presents a blackened and dreary scene. It will be green presently, however, and, as I suppose, though quite rough enough, will not be quite so fiendish as it was before—and that is a good thing. "There was a lot of balls burnt there, sir," said my caddie, with a sigh of infinite regret over the loss of such treasure trove.

It only struck me when I began to write that there has not been an Amateur Championship at Sandwich since the war. There have been two open ones, each won by Hagen, but the last amateur to win his crown at Sandwich was Mr. Jenkins, in 1914. Fifteen years is a long time even in an old man's game, and it is, therefore, surprising, but true, that there will be many competitors in this Championship who have never

seen Sandwich before. I envy them that piece of youthful inexperience, because it always seems to me that to get to Sandwich about tea-time on a spring evening and dash out on to that incomparably glorious and romantic stretch of golfing country is one of the great moments of a golfing life, and it can only come once. I doubt if there is quite the old thrill, because the visitor will not now seize his caddy by the arm and say, "Quick now, show me which is the Maiden." The Maiden, once young and beautiful, loved and feared, is now only a plain, elderly spinster about whom nobody cares. Still, that first round is memorable. I have forgotten my first round on any other championship course, but I can remember that at Sandwich, earlier than all the rest, with extraordinary vividness, down to the clothes I wore and the driver I played with.

I was talking about Sandwich to an extremely distinguished golfer the other day, and he said that if he had to play Mr. Bobby Jones on any one of the championship courses, it was Sandwich he would choose. He did not give any precise reason; it was an impulsive, rather than a considered, view, and rather an interesting one. For most of us the choice is one of such appalling evils, the question of such purely academic interest, that it seems useless to tackle it. My eminent friend may be quite right, yet I feel capable of arguing that he is quite wrong. Sandwich is, as I have been brought up to believe, a driver's course and a putter's course, and driving and putting are, beyond doubt, the most uniformly terrifying parts of Mr. Jones's game. His iron play is good, horribly good, of course, and yet there are certainly some iron players as good, and, probably, one or two better. It may be argued that Sandwich is not so much of a driver's course as it once was, when ordinarily puny mortals armed with gutty balls could hardly carry the bunkers from the back tees. Long driving is, however, still of tremendous advantage, and especially just at the crucial point in the match, the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth holes. If I am facing a long driver, I like to be one or two holes up when I come to those three holes.

A putter's course Sandwich certainly is. The greens are so big and so beautiful that there is hardly any limit to the diabolical things a really good putter can do to one who is just feeling the touch of his club. The history of Championships, moreover, goes to prove it. Three come particularly into my head Mr. Travis's and Mr. Lassen's Amateur Championships in 1904 and 1908, respectively, and Jack White's Open Championship in 1904. None of these three was a famous driver, though Mr. Lassen could be quite long enough for practical purposes; Mr. Travis might fairly be called a short driver, though he always seemed to have a little more length up his sleeve when it was wanted. Each was, on the other hand, a very fine putter, and at the time in an inspired mood. There are courses where, when our opponent has a putt of several yards for the half, we regard his efforts very tranquilly, but not so at Sandwich; there is no limit to the heart-breaking things that can happen there.

I suppose the course is more of an iron player's one than it was, but it still does not give the artist with irons quite such a chance as do some other courses. Take the three short holes for instance, the sixth, eighth and sixteenth. The better iron player will get nearer the hole, but with those lovely big greens to help us we humbler ones ought to get our threes. At any rate, I am sure of one thing, that it is just about the pleasantest place in all the world in which to play golf. Confound this cold of mine!

GRAND NATIONAL FENCES



READERS of Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* will remember his description of the steeplechase, probably the best that has ever been written, in which he conveys, with convincing truth, the sensations of a rider who almost steers his horse to victory, and then fails on account of one of those errors of judgment that so often lead to disaster. They will remember how Tolstoy's hero blames himself for the failure of his horse, how a miscalculation in his own riding ends in the tragedy and confusion of a fall. All riders in a steeplechase who fail to get home must go through the survey of their riding afterwards, and wonder whether, had they ridden the race differently, victory might have been theirs.

That the finest judgment may be defeated must occur to the mind of every rider lining up in a field of fifty-three, the number that prepared to face the Aintree fences last year. With much smaller fields the fortunes of the race have widely varied. Thus in 1898 twenty out of twenty-five runners passed the grand stand at the end of the first round, while in 1911 Glenside, the winner, was the only horse that did not fall. With the large fields of recent years one fence has generally been the scene of disaster on the catastrophic scale: sometimes the first, sometimes Becher's Brook, sometimes the Canal Turn. Two years ago there was but one empty saddle after the first fence; refusals and falls thinned the field at Becher's. Last year the incident at the open ditch by the canal established a record in disappointed hopes. Against these early disasters, generally caused by one or two horses baulking many others, no judgment is proof; and after them there still remains the inevitable cause of many failures in the National, the loose horse. On more than one occasion the winner has been closely pursued by a riderless horse in the later stages of the race, getting clear of it with difficulty—Eremon, for instance, the winner in 1907—and the chances of thus being impeded are much greater to-day, for thirty was considered a very large field a few years ago.

In the history of the steeplechase course at Aintree the number of fences to be jumped has varied from about twenty to between forty and fifty in the early days before the race was known as the Grand National. To-day there are sixteen fences, fourteen of which are jumped twice.

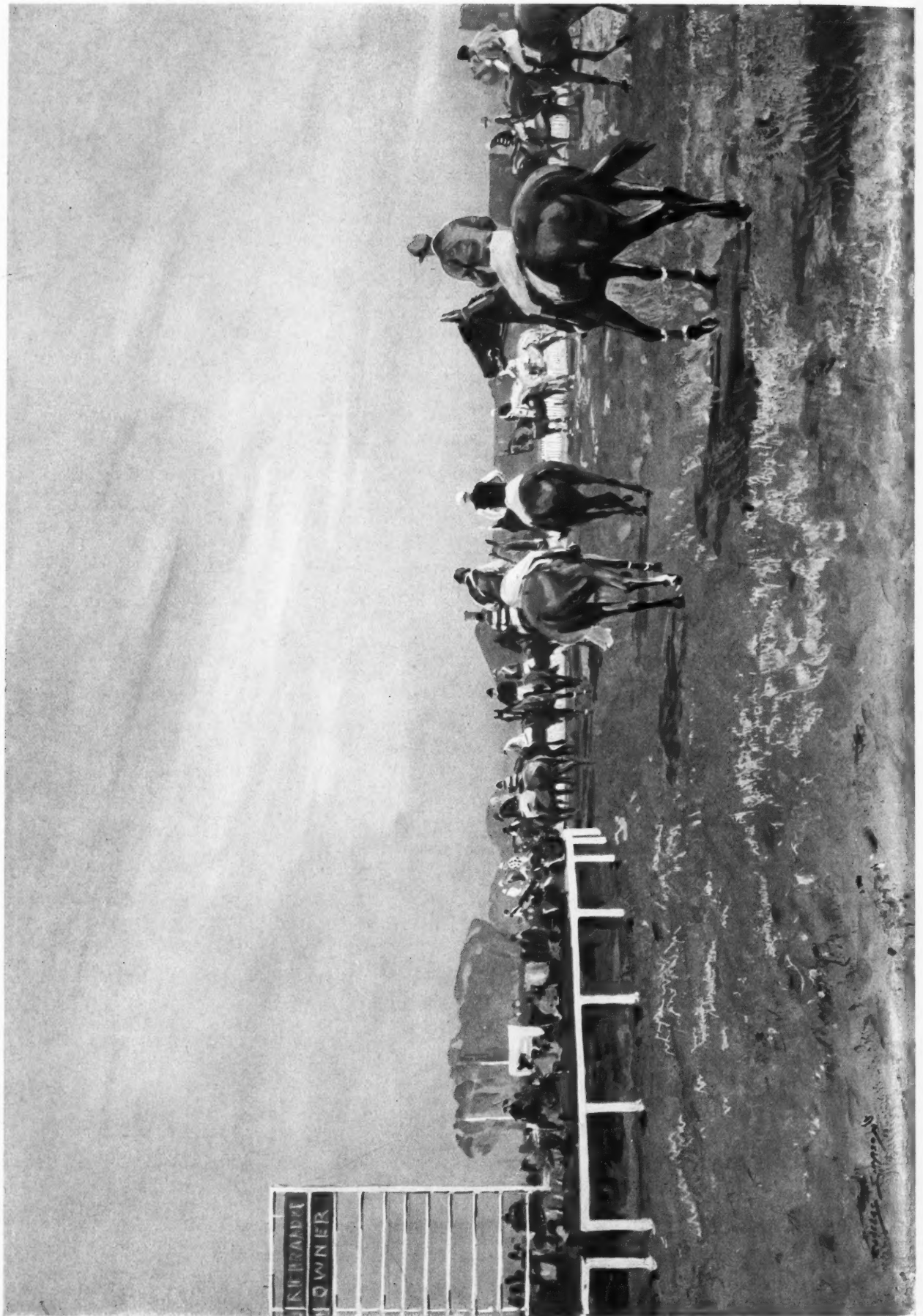
The start for the Grand National takes place close to the paddock, the horses leaving the racecourse and entering the country immediately afterwards. The first and seventeenth fence, 4ft. 6ins. high, lies just beyond the Melling road, which flanks the eastern side of the racecourse. On the right of this fence is the cinder path, running all the way to Becher's Brook and the Canal Turn, always packed with spectators down its whole length several hours before the race. The fields inside the course, on the left of the fences going out, are private property, and are, therefore, not available for spectators; these fields are separated from the course by a low hedge. The second fence is 1in. higher than the first, a plain rail and fence. Though it has, on occasion, put a favourite early out of the race, it is seldom the scene of the more widespread grief which sometimes occurs at the first. The third fence has a ditch on the take-off side, the fence itself being 4ft. 11ins. Like Becher's Brook, the Canal Turn, and the eleventh and thirteenth fences, it is built up of fir instead of gorse or spruce. The favourite, Ambush II, came down here in 1904, afterwards knocking down another well fancied horse, Detail, when going on riderless. The fourth and fifth fences are similar to the first and second, the fifth being the first yet encountered which is 5ft. high, the height of nearly all the later fences. It is the fence before Becher's, and spectators at the famous vantage point have their first clear impression of the race when the horses rise up

against the sky over the last barrier before they pass between the lettered flags.

It may be that the large letter "B" on each of the flags at Becher's Brook contributes to its forbidding appearance, but it certainly looks worse than, in many Grand Nationals, it has actually proved. I have seen twenty-three horses take it without a mistake; and I have seen the *melée* when one falls and half a dozen come down together, some baulked, others jumping to one side and falling close to the telephone box on the left of the fence. Up to this point the course has been straight. After Becher's there is a slight left-hand turn to the seventh and twenty-third fence, another 5ft. high, but only 2ft. 9ins. wide, most of the previous fences being 3ft. or more in width. There is, again, a left-hand turn as the course approaches the open ditch and the canal. A footpath runs alongside the stream that forms the ditch at Becher's and Valentine's Brooks. For many hours before the race people who have been unable to get a place near Becher's cross the course by this path to try for standing room along the canal bank, near Valentine's. Immediately east of this fence is the popular Canal Stand, the only stand in the country which commands a good view of the eastern end of the course, particularly of the Canal Turn and Valentine's Brook. On a clear day it is possible, from this stand, to get a good view of the first fences almost from the start. After Becher's the view is a close one, and the field can be seen as they round the curve at the most critical point in the race.

The fence known as the Canal Turn is 5ft. high, with a ditch on the take-off side 6ft. wide by 2ft. deep, banked up to a guard rail 1ft. 6ins. high in front of the ditch. The jump is not as big as the open ditch by the Old Distance Post, but there is a sharp turn to the left immediately on landing, and as the horses approach the fence they are facing a packed crowd at the junction of the railway and the canal and all along the canal bank. Here, again, as at Becher's, the fence will often be cleared without apparent effort, every horse getting over. The trouble is caused by one horse falling, others, in consequence, blundering into the ditch in an attempt to refuse and running along it. In the days of smaller fields there is very little mention of the Canal Turn as a critical point in the race, and it is seldom the scene of a fall during the second round. Even if Becher's is cleared without mishap the first time, it generally claims a victim afterwards. Valentine's Brook is the ninth fence; it is higher than Becher's (5ft., as against 4ft. 10ins.) and the brook is the same width, 5ft. 6ins., but there is not the drop on landing which makes Becher's appear such a big fence when seen from the landing side. Chandos, the famous hurdle-racer, and strong favourite for the Grand National in 1876, fell at Valentine's. When many of the fences were far less formidable than they are now, Valentine's Brook was one of the few big jumps on the course.

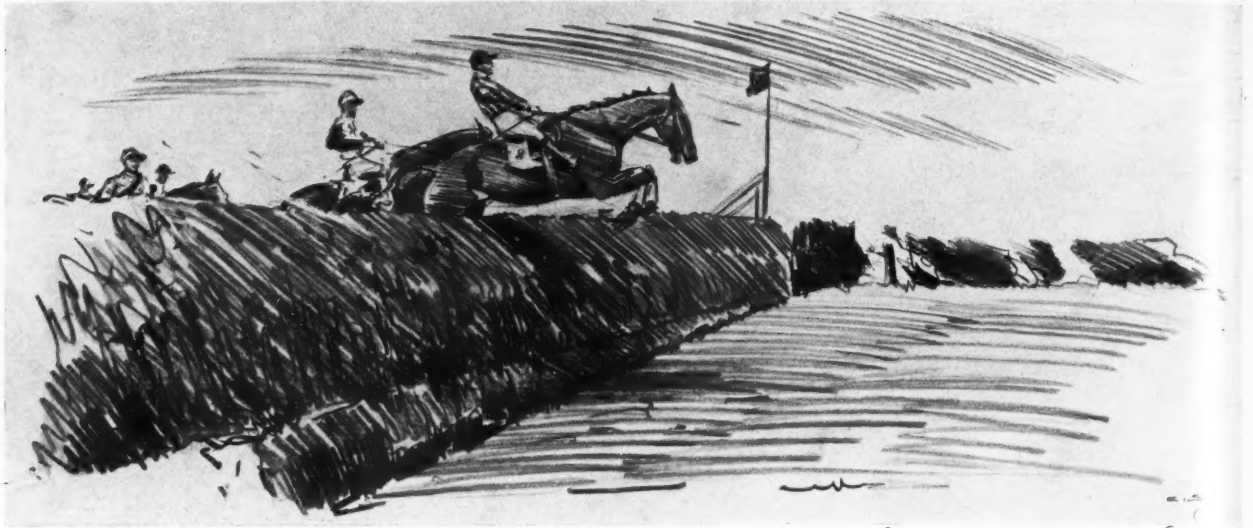
There are three more fences alongside the canal. The tenth is a plain thorn fence built up with gorse, but the eleventh has a 6ft. ditch on the take-off side, and is often the cause of falls near the end of the race. There is also a ditch, 5ft. 6ins. wide, on the landing side of the twelfth fence, the last in the country before the racecourse is entered again near Anchor Bridge. The thirteenth and twenty-ninth, and the fourteenth and last fence are the same height as the second and first fences respectively, the race beginning and ending with a plain fence of 4ft. 6ins. During the first round, however, come the two jumps on the course only taken once. The first of these, fifteenth in order, is the highest at Aintree and, perhaps, the stiffest of all. The fence at the open ditch opposite the Old Distance Post is 5ft. 2ins., high with a 6ft. ditch in front. The sixteenth is the water jump, where formerly there used to be the wall,



ASSEMBLING FOR THE START OF THE GRAND NATIONAL.



THE END OF THE FIRST LAP: THE OPEN DITCH OPPOSITE THE OLD DISTANCE POST.
(From sketches made on the course last year.)



famous in early accounts of racing at Aintree. The water is 12ft. 6ins. wide, the total width of the jump 15ft. Neither of these fences has a white flag or raised wing on the right-hand side, which would interfere with the view from the stands. At every Grand National a crowd collects near the

Old Distance Post, where it is possible to get a near view of the open ditch and also see the finish. And this raises the question which is now in the minds of many people going to Aintree: from what point will they watch the Grand National this year?

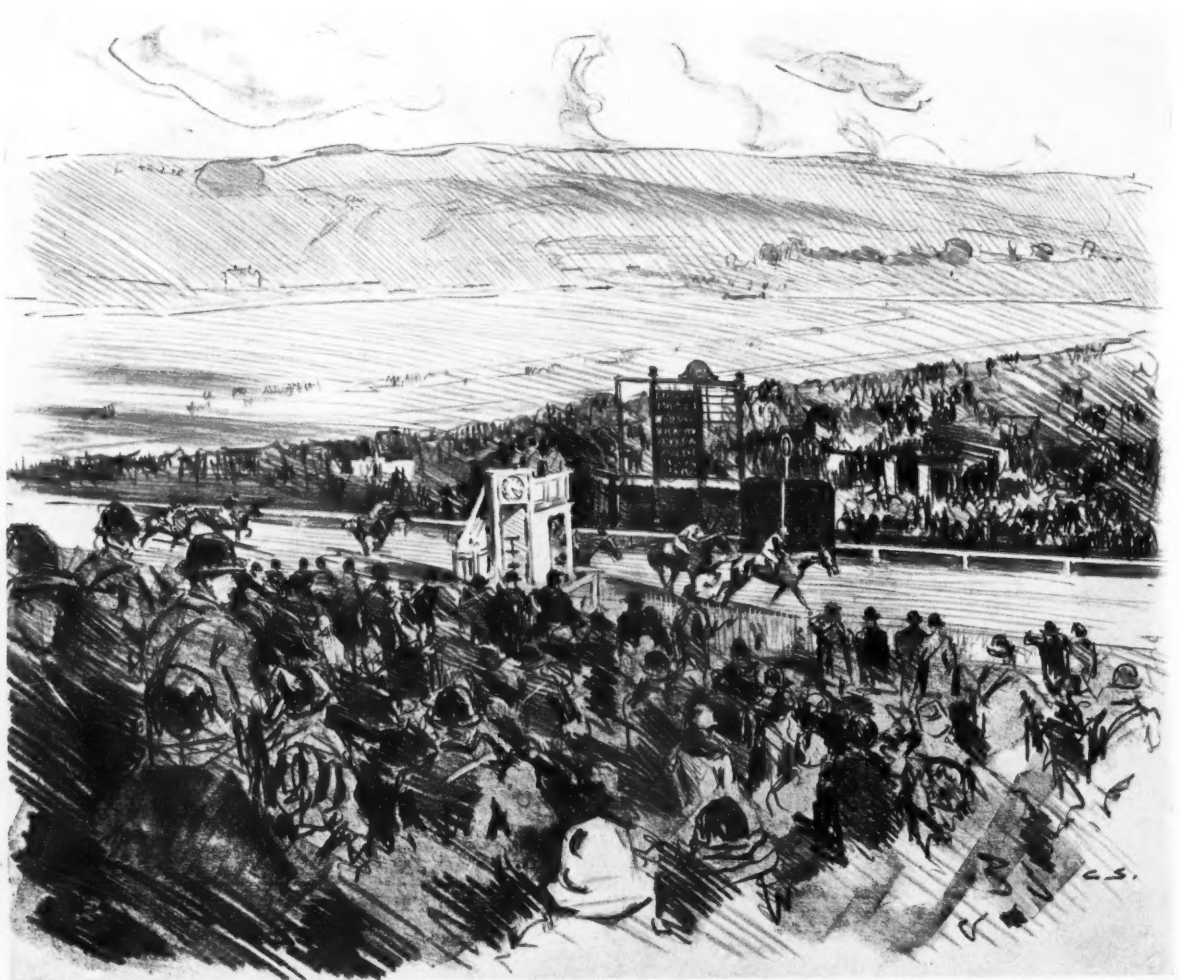
CHARLES SIMPSON.

LAST WEEK AT CHELTENHAM

Illustrated from drawings made on the course.

SO the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham really belongs to history, after all. After a week's postponement there was still a lingering doubt as to whether they would be able to race; and when one arrived on the scene on the outskirts of Cheltenham, one could understand it. Never have I seen this pleasing place with the striking background of

the Cleeve Hills so woebegone, though sunshine was doing its best to give brightness to the colourless, dead-looking grasslands. As a rule, at this time of the year you find the country in which this notable steeplechasing course is laid out most refreshingly green, with the new spring grasses obliterating the souring ravages of winter.



SUN AND SHADOW: A VIEW FROM THE STANDS. (Cheltenham 1st day.)

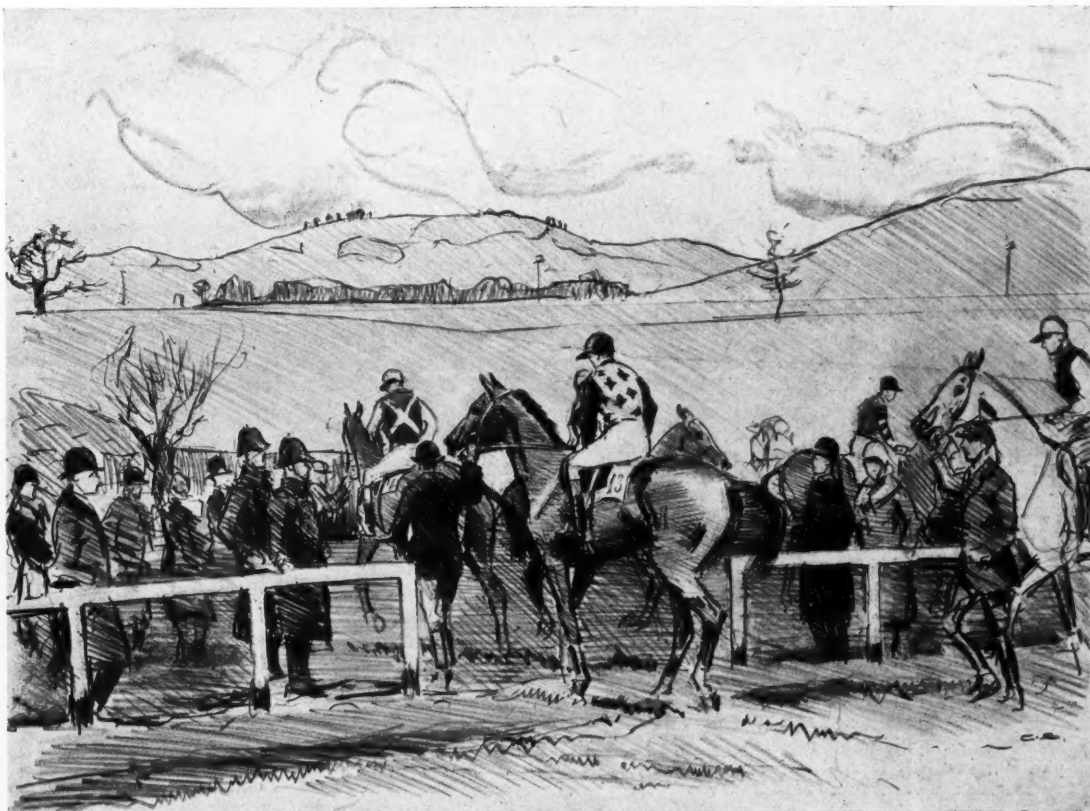


SADDLING UP FOR THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE. (Cheltenham 2nd day.)

In the circumstances, the racecourse was firm—almost too firm to be perfect—for steeplechasing. One recollected that rain is badly wanted there and everywhere. The public came in fair numbers, but there was missing the fine, large crowd that usually supports this big festival of steeplechasing and jumping. The postponement, of course, was chiefly to blame, since it had caused much derangement of plans. Especially did one notice this on the third and concluding day, for then the fixture was actually clashing with a day's racing at Sandown Park which was being staged as a curtain-raiser to the Grand Military Meeting.

It would, indeed, have been a calamity had the frost persisted and prevented us from seeing the wonderful exploit of

Mr. "Jock" Whitney's Easter Hero when that notable 'chaser won for him the Cheltenham Gold Cup. I have heard quite a number of people who could not be there express regret that they had missed seeing the performance of this remarkable horse. Let me remind you that Easter Hero was brought from Ireland by Mr. Frank Barbour to engage in steeplechasing in this country. He did not make a blazing beginning, by any means, but his rise was rapid and sure. At the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham a year ago the late Mr. A. Loewenstein, the financier, wanted a horse to win him the Grand National—an ambition which has been shared by many others less able to set about achieving it as he did. So negotiations were opened to buy Easter Hero on his behalf. The price did not matter.



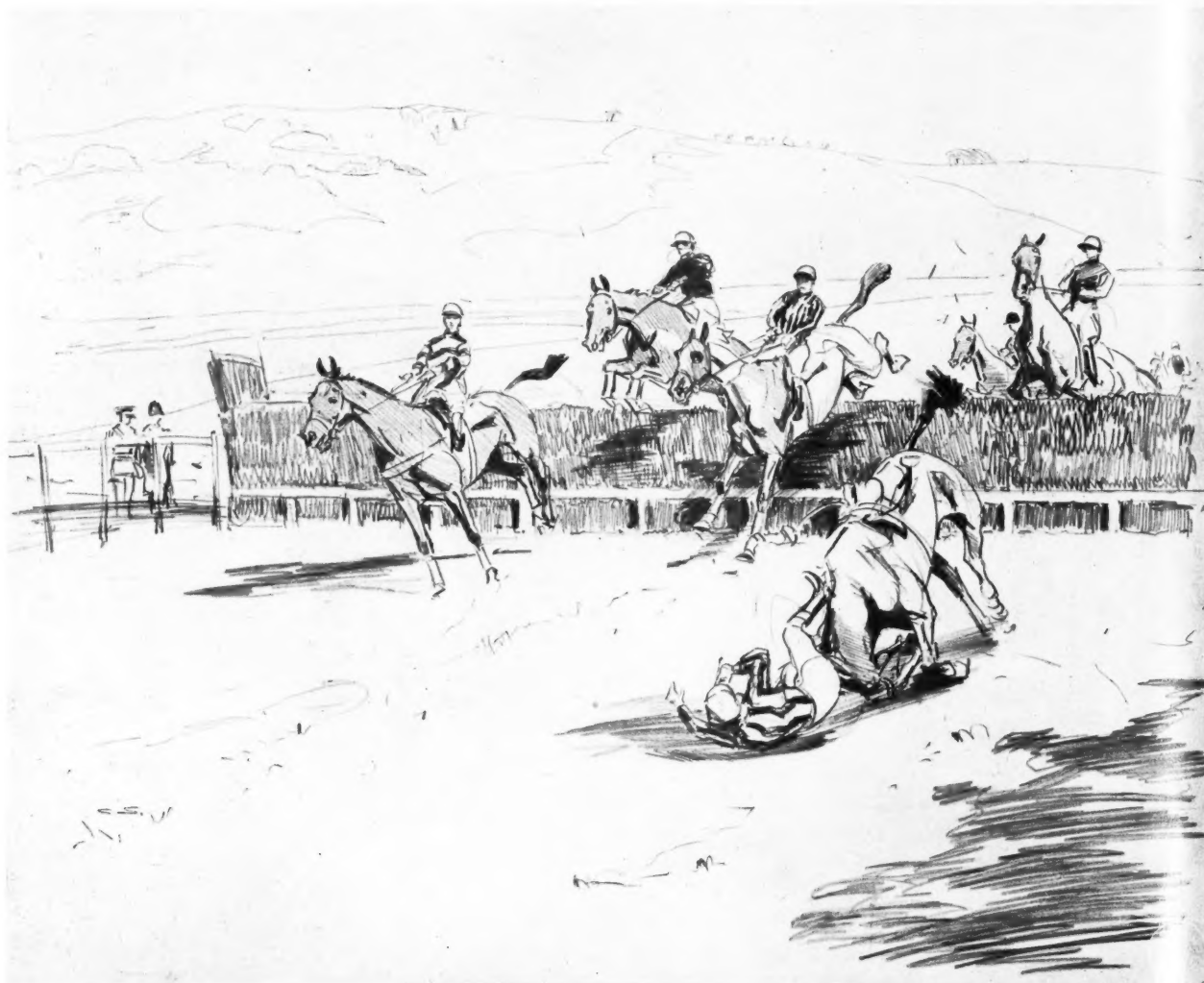
LEAVING THE PADDOCK FOR THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE HURDLE RACE. (Cheltenham 2nd day.)

Mr. Barbour did not want to sell, and he therefore asked a great price for a gelding. It was, I believe, £7,000, plus a contingency of another £3,000 in the event of the horse winning the Grand National. It was promptly paid, and in Mr. Loewenstein's colours the horse became the villain of that episode at the Canal Turn fence by which his manner of running up the guard rail and then throwing himself on top of the fence caused many others following in his immediate wake to refuse, and so be put out of the race.

Next we have Easter Hero competing in an important steeplechase in Paris in June, and he did not get farther than the first fence. The horse was not held to blame this time. Now, the point is that most horses would have been discouraged by these happenings, and they would have lost confidence. I, personally, was very curious to see how matters would develop where he was concerned. He and another fine 'chaser, the French mare Maguelonne, who had won the Grand Steeplechase de Paris for Mr. Loewenstein, were sold for what I am sure must have been a very big sum to Mr. Whitney, a young American sportsman who had graduated at Oxford. He gave both horses to be trained to Jack Anthony, who had just before finished a fine riding career, during which he had thrice ridden winners of the Grand National.

winner was acquired from Mrs. George Drummond last back-end for something like £1,500. He looks very cheap at the price now, for his was a clear-cut victory against a smart handicap hurdler in Rolie, while the presumed best of the young hurdlers—Sir John Grey's Clear Cash—was not a particularly good third. Royal Falcon is now trained by Robert Gore, to whom is due much credit for the way he has built up Royal Falcon until he is distinctly a powerful individual to-day. He is a six year old by White Eagle from Queen Mother, and was bred at the National Stud. White Eagle died last year, but in his time he sired quite a lot of horses that showed marked proficiency as jumpers. In particular, mares sired by him have already been conspicuously successful at the stud.

The National Hunt Steeplechase, of course, must be touched upon, as also the National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase on the concluding day. The former event, as is generally known, is for hunters (or horses better than hunters) that, however, have never won any sort of race barring Hunt point-to-points. Most people take a sporting interest in the event, and such interest would not, I think, be lessened were the Stewards of the National Hunt to reduce the stake and apply what was saved to one or two other events for those owners and horses who do



THE NATIONAL HUNT HANDICAP STEEPLCHASE. (Cheltenham 3rd day.)

Anthony formed the idea of putting Easter Hero to hurdling in order to make things easy for him at first. That fine hurdling jockey, George Duller, was given the handling, and the combination proceeded to win a sequence of events for "maiden" hurdlers. That done satisfactorily, Easter Hero was re-introduced to fences in private, and all was found to be well. No doubt he would have been seen out during February but for the abandonment of racing. However, he was taken to Tenby for exercise on the sands of the seashore, and, obviously, he must have thrived, for he made his opponents for this Cheltenham Gold Cup look like a lot of seaside hacks, and they included several smart horses, one being Grakle, whose trainer has been fancying him immensely for the Grand National.

It was as if the others had purposely given Easter Hero a start, for, without effort on the part of his jockey or on his own part, he just streaked away, jumping perfectly and with a facility and rapidity which were truly wonderful. Never a foot did he put wrong, as his rider, Fred Rees, assured me, and it was left to the judge to declare that he had beaten the second by twenty lengths.

The Champion Hurdle Cup was won for Miss Bulkley-Williams by her chestnut horse Royal Falcon. I believe the

keep steeplechasing going from one end of the season to the other.

The winner this time was also favourite. That fact alone gave popularity to the win of Big Wonder, owned by Mr. G. L. Whitelaw and ably ridden by Captain Weber, who began his experiences of race riding when in the Guides in India.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Hedworth Meux would be interested in the outcome of the National Hunt Steeplechase of three miles and three furlongs, since it was won by a twelve year old named Donzelon, bred and raced by him on the flat. Now Donzelon was by Chaucer, and because of what he did as a two year old he was believed to have a good chance of taking classic honours. His test came with the race for the Two Thousand Guineas, and he ran discreditably. He seemed to get worse, and so came to be unsexed. As a gelding he won a Liverpool Cup, a surprise of itself. Sir Hedworth Meux continued to race him here and there, but then sold him to a well known Reading dealer, who passed him on to Colonel Foljambe. It was in the latter colours that the horse has shown proficiency over fences, and, served by a light weight, he beat well known horses in this big race at Cheltenham.

PHILIPPOS.

THE PRESERVATION OF A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE VILLAGE



1.—THE QUEEN ANNE HOUSE AND THE SIGN OF THE GEORGE AND DRAGON.

WEST WYCOMBE in Buckinghamshire represents the first serious attempt by the Royal Society of Arts to fulfil its set purpose of preserving to the utmost extent of its power the invaluable old cottage architecture and village life of England. Since Mr. Baldwin took the chair at the meeting that inaugurated

the fund and started the appeal two years ago, a few single cottages or small groups of historic or æsthetic value have been saved. But the intent to preserve unimpaired entire villages was still a castle in the air when it was heard that West Wycombe village was to come under the hammer in this very month of March. That decided the matter. The



Copyright.

2.—LOOKING WEST DOWN THE VILLAGE STREET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



3.—THE EASTERN END OF THE STREET AND THE CHAIR WORKS.



4.—THE MALT HOUSE AT THE WEST END OF THE VILLAGE.



Copyright.

5.—THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY "CHURCH LOFT."

"C.L."

Royal Society of Arts stepped in and the village becomes its property.

Nothing better could have happened. The village is an admirable example of a complete Old English rural community. It is no mere huddle of cottages. The long, rather winding street (Fig. 2) is not lined with tiny dwellings only. On the right (Fig. 5) is the Church Loft, Church property now as it was when built late in the fifteenth century and when the See of Winchester held the lordship of the manor. You see at its right-hand corner a praying stone, and above it the incised mark of a cross. On the left-hand corner post still hangs part of the iron manacle that went round the wrist of culprits. Writing in the *Berks, Bucks and Oxon Archaeological Journal* twenty-five years ago, Mr. E. W. Dormer, while characterising West Wycombe as "a well-preserved village of by-gone customs and extreme quaintness," described the Church Loft as so neglected that "the greater part of the glass in the diamond windows is missing, allowing the elements to add to the destruction time has already commenced." But the Church values its property and has recently seen to its careful and correct repair. Such as it is the whole village will be as soon as ever the finances of the fund enable necessary reparations to be effected. For, although there is nothing structurally wrong with most of the buildings, the condition of this estate—like how many others since the War!—has deteriorated from sheer lack of means for adequate maintenance. What spare revenue could be squeezed has been required for great house and farms, and it was only because the village was likely to suffer that Sir John Dashwood saw himself forced to part with it, although he valued it much sentimentally and aesthetically. He, therefore, has only been too pleased that his holding in it should be taken over *en bloc* by an organisation whose object is to preserve not only its outward charm but its ethical character. He has done all in his power to facilitate the transfer and dispel difficulties in its financial aspects.

That holding includes some fifty cottages dating from Tudor to Georgian times, so that timber framing and gable end mingle with brick front and hipped roof. Of the latter there are dwellings above cottage size, such as the delightful five-windowed Queen Anne house (Fig. 1) near Church Loft, that asserts its social elevation not only by increased size, but by the double flight of steps up to its street door. Opposite to it—its sign of St. George and the Dragon visible in the same illustration—stands the principal inn, with an important plaster front dating from the prosperous coaching days when it was a half-way house on the high road from London to Oxford. Now it has a sad and weary look. But its position in this delightful village, amid the choice scenery of the Chilterns, with picturesque backs and ample garden lying to the south and abutting against the nobly timbered area called, in an eighteenth century map, "My Lords Pleasure Ground," surely destines it as the ideal host of an ideal village. The ideal of a village it certainly is, with the attraction of its architecture heightened by the fact that it is a full and active community—a true bit of Buckinghamshire with its ancient-looking chair factory having a weather-boarded elevation to the street (Fig. 3) and a picturesque yard fitly cumbered with the raw material of its industry (Fig. 6). The "backs" of the village are, indeed, quite as engaging as the street side. What a bit of old village life we note in the wheelwright's yard (Fig. 10)! Look at the broad entrance and massive chimney stack of

9.—THE



6.—THE YARD OF THE CHAIR WORKS.



7.—THE COURT OF "MR. DORRELLS COTTAGES."

the court that the old map calls "Mr. Dorrells eleven Cottages" (Fig. 7). Very engaging are the gables and roof-line of the backs of "Mr. Davenports Cottages and Gardens" (Fig. 9) that reach up to what was, in 1776, his malt house, and still stretches its length at the western entrance of the village street (Fig. 4). Every one of these pictures is typical of old village life, of its occupations as well as of its dwellings. And all this it is desired to retain, adding to convenience and hygiene by thoughtful repair, but retaining the old fabrics, the old denizens, the old trades, the old habits. All of these exist, not merely in the main street, but up Church Lane, approached through Church Loft archway, its rapid rise giving presence to the skyline of the dwellings that line one of its sides, among them one of toy size, indeed, but of decided distinction, for was not its 1722 builder entitled to bear arms and show his superiority by the delightful porch head set forward on carved brackets and sheltering the winged cherub over the door (Fig. 7).

West Wycombe is full of history as well as of charm. Under the Tudors it passed from Church to lay hands. Its first lay owner, Sir Robert Dormer, was of a Buckinghamshire family that produced many men of mark—in the law especially—in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The owners of West Wycombe were ennobled as Earls of Carnarvon, but, as Royalists, they suffered in Commonwealth times, and after the Restoration the estate passed to the Dashwoods. Of them Sir Francis,

who inherited the ancient barony of le Despencer from his mother, was leader of that strange fraternity of unsavoury repute, the "Monks of Medmenham," and yet served that highly respectable monarch George III as his Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1762. He built the present house and laid out the wonderful gardens that gloriously frame the village to the south, while to the north, on the top of the Chiltern bluff which, with its grove of yews, forms the village common, he re-dressed the Gothic church in classic garb, crowning the tower—a landmark from afar—with a great ball described as "capable of holding twelve men," but whether as animate beings or as sardines the account says not.

Here there is a fine work to be done—to bring to perfection and to assure the future of this English gem, thus adequately inaugurating a great campaign for the preservation of many another beautiful village. Surely, the hitherto rather modest response to the general appeal for funds for indefinite purposes will be transformed into an enthusiastic desire to see through this concrete purpose. The mere possibility of the Society of Arts acquiring the village at once brought in an unasked £1,400 from local sympathisers. A Buckinghamshire committee should readily pick up the thread thus generously laid and give to the county the distinction of being the first in providing the means to make one of its most beautiful villages a model of what the English village has been and should remain.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.



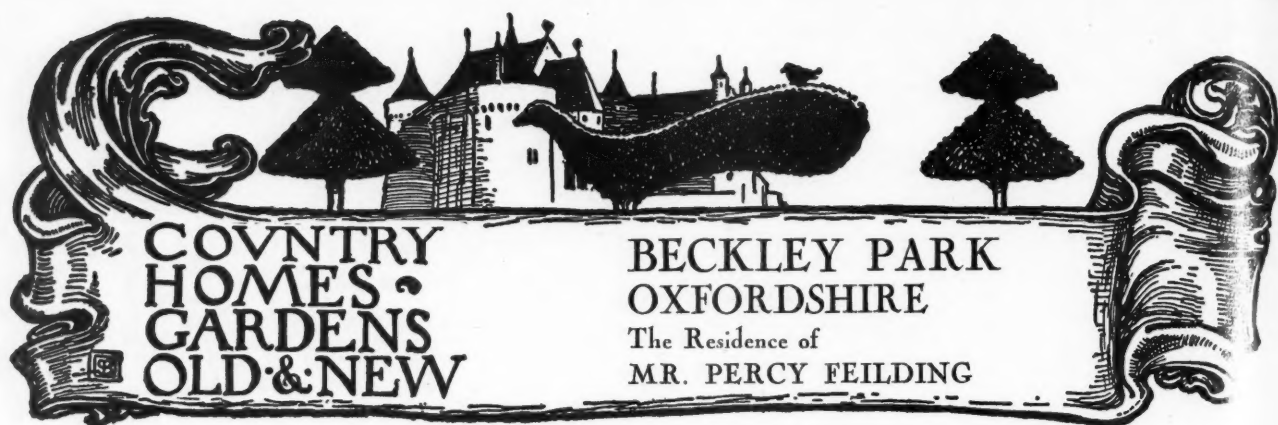
8.—UP CHURCH LANE.



9.—THE BACKS OF "MR. DAVENPORTS COTTAGES."



10.—THE WHEELWRIGHT'S YARD.



Three rings of moats, one probably existing in King Alfred's days, surround the capital seat of the Honour of St. Valery—long possessed by Earls of Cornwall and Princes of Wales. The existing house is here attributed to Lord Williams of Thame, circa 1540.

OTMOOR, to this day, is one of the most remote corners of England, portentous even to the inhabitants of Oxford, from whose doors it lies a bare six miles to the north-east. The Romans' road from Dorchester to Alcester, the parent town of Bicester, can be traced across its sedgy fields. But since their days no highway has come near it, and even the by-roads falter as they approach it, inclining to stop short at its edge. One such lane carries you from Wheatley along a bold ridge commanding a great prospect northwards over the moor and of the wooded hills that once were Bernwood Forest on its eastern edge, and ends

in the abrupt street of Beckley village. The foot of the bluff, on which the stone cottages huddle like a fishing hamlet round the small, fine church, is lapped by the grass levels of the moor. There is not even a direct road from the village to the place now called Beckley Park, lying a mile and a half away below the ridge, so utterly has the glory and even the name departed from the Honour of St. Valery.

The gaunt, ripe-plum brick edifice that grew up in the "capital place" of the Honour in Tudor days is encircled by three moats—a circumstance, in itself, as extraordinary as the character of the building, and testifying to the place's importance in former times. Though it lies on the forgotten Roman road, there was not even a track till the existing road was made, in 1887, from the opposite direction to Beckley village. For this reason antiquaries who have searched from time to time in Beckley village for the site of St. Valery, palace of the Earls of Cornwall and the Black Prince, have drawn completely blank. All that Mr. Dunkin of Bicester and Mr. Cooke, the parson of Beckley, could find a hundred years ago was a circular dovecot near the church, which was accordingly set down as a remnant of St. Valery Castle. And when White Kennet began writing the *Parochial Antiquities* of his parish of Ambrosden in 1685, though he realised that Ambrosden was part of the Honour of St. Valery, he does not seem to have spotted where its lords lived.

So much for the evidence of St. Valery's being forgotten. To see how this happened, and why it is represented only by rings of moats and this peculiar house, we must start at the beginning of its long and strange history. Ancient as the present house is, it may be said not to have come on the scene till its history was over. We do not know for certain who built the Tudor house, and scarcely anyone who lived there.

Beckley was a royal fief before Buckinghamshire had been created out of the No Man's Land of Bernwood and Chiltern, and is mentioned as Beccaule in the will of King Alfred, who bequeathed it to his kinsman Osferth. Lying on the now vanished Dorchester-Alcester road, it may be presumed to have already been a place of importance, since, when we hear more of it, it is



1—THE BRIDGE OVER THE MIDDLE MOAT TO THE SOUTH FRONT.



Copyright. 2.—THREE GABLES, THE COLOUR OF RIPE PLUMS, SPRING FROM THE INNER MOAT.

"C.L."



3.—POSSIBLY A TUDOR HUNTING LODGE.



4.—FORMERLY GARDE-ROBES JUTTING INTO THE MOAT.

as the "capital seat" of a lordship extending over much of Otmoor. In the days of the saints, too, of St. Brenwold of Bampton and St. Hyerith the Virgin of Chiselhampton, St. Donanverdt was at Beckley, where for many centuries he was worshipped, and may be commemorated in the fine but defaced fresco over the chancel arch in Beckley Church. There can be little doubt that at least one of the three rings of moats round the manor place must have been in existence in Alfred's days, a circumstance that will have rendered it defensible as an advanced post against the Danish frontier region north-eastward. Before the Norman Conquest it formed part of the fief of Wigod of Wallingford—guardian of the chief crossing of the Thames between Oxford and Staines. After 1066 it came into the hands of the Norman lord of much of Oxfordshire, Robert d'Oilly, who cemented his claim to it by marrying Wood's daughter Elditha. D'Oilly was instructed by the King to build castles at Oxford and Wallingford, of which he became seneschal; he had another castle at Sherburn, near Watlington, and lands all over the south of the county. But his tenure of Beckley was brief, owing to a typically chivalrous oath. To quote Leland:

This Robert had one John Eiverio that was exceeding familiar with him and had been in the wars as sworn brother unto him and had promised to be partaker of Robert's good fortunes.

In pursuance of this arrangement to go shares in any profits arising out of the conquest of England, d'Oilly handed over to d'Ivry his wife's honour of Beckley. The arrangement was not so mean as at first sight it seems, in view of d'Oilly's enormous possessions, for most of them were not his to give, but the King's. Leland and the modern reader might well be suspicious of this tale. Leland, indeed, gives it only as a tradition, and gets his facts wrong. But in the register of Osney Abbey it is set down circumstantially:

Memorandum quod Robertus de Oleio et Rogerus de Iverio, fratres jurati et per fidem et sacramentum confederati.

and so on. So Roger d'Ivry, cupbearer to the King and Lord of Tinchbrai, received "one entire barony including Ambrosden, Arncott, Hodley, Kidbury, Mixbury etc, of which Beckley was the capital seat." The d'Ivrys, who were typical Anglo-Normans, coming rarely to Beckley, died out in 1112, when the fief relapsed to the Crown and was bestowed on Guy de St. Valery, a family settled in Lincolnshire after the Conquest, but since dispossessed. Thenceforth the place became known as the Honour of St. Valery. The St. Valerys obviously lived here, though their chief lands seem to have been in Gloucestershire, and Dugdale, who gives an animated account of them, omits any reference to Beckley. In 1184 Bernard St. Valery founded a Benedictine nunnery at Studley near by, and married Astry, daughter of John St. John of Stanton, the next village. He was killed, however, at the siege of Acre in 1190. His son Thomas confirmed the gifts to Studley Priory on condition that his family should appoint the prioress and that she should do fealty at his court. He married a Frenchwoman, Adda de Ponthieu, and their only child, Alinore, married a Norman, Robert, Lord of Dreux, who, in 1219, succeeded to the Barony of St. Valery.

Robert of Dreux in 1227 sided with the French against Henry III in Poitou, whereupon all his English lands were seized by the Crown. In 1230 the Barony of St. Valery was given in perpetuity to the King's brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who had been commanding against the French in Poitou. The coming of an Angevin into the neighbourhood had an immediate effect on Beckley. In 1233 the deposition of Hubert de Burgh from the Justiciarship and his substitution by the Poitevin Peter des Roches produced violent civil disturbances, led by the younger Richard Marshall, Earl of Pembroke. Strife



Copyright. 5.—FROM THE ISLAND ON WHICH STOOD THE KING OF THE ROMANS' CASTLE. "C.L."

centred round Oxford, and in the course of it one Richard Siward, a local baron, devastated the lands of the Honour.

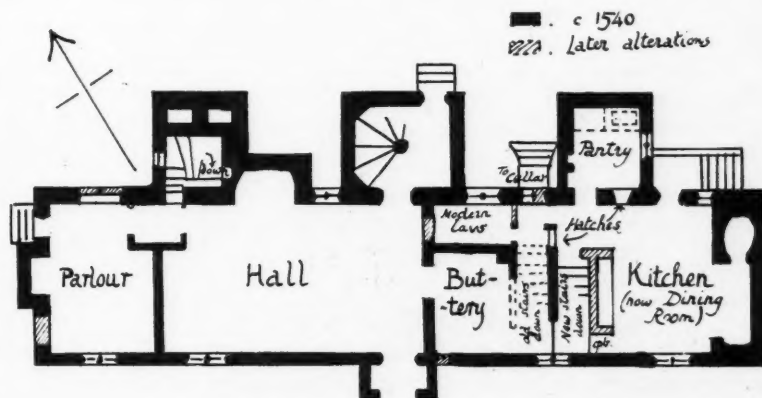
In 1257 Richard of Cornwall was elected to the Holy Imperial title of King of the Romans and was crowned at Aachen. The picturesque vagary of the Royal house at this time into the confused politics of Empire and Papacy had a marked effect on the arts in England, and, perhaps, on Beckley. It brought London into momentary contact with Rome, with the result that Italian workmen came to Westminster. And Richard of Cornwall became familiar—too familiar—with the castellated architecture of the Rhineland. We hear of him being at Beckley on several occasions. In 1261 Richard, King of the Romans, at his mansion at Beckley, decided a controversy between Roger d'Amory and the Abbot of Osney relating to the manor of Weston on the Green (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. LXIV, page 68). In 1279 his son Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, is stated as possessing "a certain park" here.

Thus we are assured of two points. The ruined wall that still skirts the Roman road, enclosing the former "park," was, apparently, built by the King of the Romans. And, in all probability, the triple moat, and the castle which it enclosed, had by now been completed. Of the nature of this castle we have at present few means of forming an idea. At the south-east angle of the island a few massive dressed stones with a sloping face have been found at water level that must have formed part of a glacis. The whole island, moreover, is covered with foundations. But, as this is now Mr. Feilding's garden, he is, not unnaturally, reluctant to unearth them. If ever his curiosity gets the better of his gardening ambitions, an exceedingly interesting plan may be revealed. The likelihood is that the building resembled Stok say rather than

Bodiam, with its inner walls timber-framed, and possibly much of its outer walls also. At some point in front (south) of the existing house between the outer and middle moats there will, probably, have been a gate-house.

Edmund of Cornwall died childless and left Beckley to the Crown. Edward II, on his accession, conferred the Honour of St. Valery, together with that of Wallingford, on the notorious Piers Gaveston. He subgranted it to Sir Amory St. Amand, "a knight of undaunted valour who had much distinguished himself in the wars in Scotland and Gascony." A few years later the wretched Piers was captured at Deddington hard by and carried off to be murdered at Kenilworth. Hugh Despencer was the next possessor of Beckley, the "manor and park" being mentioned specifically in his grant, and he installed a noted Buckinghamshire baron, Sir John de Handlo, in it for life. In the chaos of Edward II's later years the ownership of St. Valery and Wallingford is confused. At one moment the Queen held them, only to be dispossessed by Edward III, who conferred them on his brother John of Eltham. Handlo was still the tenant, and about this time St. Valery seems to have gone back to a St. Amand by the marriage of Elizabeth de Handlo with Almaric St. Amand, Lord Justice of Ireland, and a pensioner of Edward III for service in France. On the creation of the Duchy of Cornwall for the Black Prince,

the Honour of St. Valery was included with that of Wallingford among its possessions, and on the accession of Richard II we find Beckley to have been in the hands of Sir Nicolas Bond. Thenceforward the Honour passed with the rest of the hereditary lands of succeeding Princes of Wales, being actually administered by stewards. One of these was Thomas Chaucer, the son of the poet. Henry VI, in 1437,



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6.—GROUND PLAN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



7.—THE DOOR TO THE STAIRCASE TOWER.

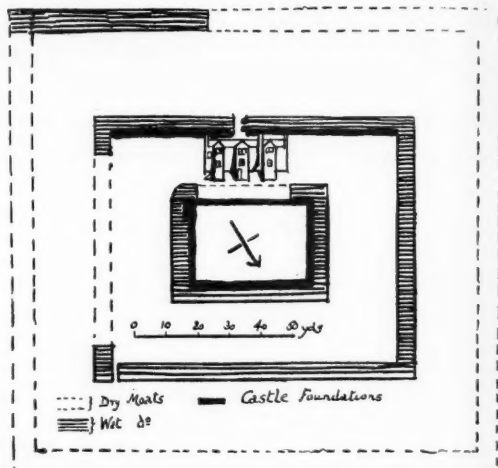


8.—THE CENTRAL GABLE OR TOWER CONTAINING THE STAIRCASE.

gave twelve oaks out of his park at Beckley to Archbishop Chicheley towards the building of All Souls College, Oxford. Soon after, the Duke of Suffolk and his wife, Alice Chaucer, who are buried so sumptuously at Ewelme, not far off, were given the stewardship. The office became an appointment given to prominent supporters of the Crown till the later years of Henry VIII. The connection of the Honour with the Duchy of Cornwall is, perhaps, commemorated in the church by what seems to be the Prince of Wales' feathers and the Tudor portcullis, painted on the west wall of the nave in a style recalling the sculptured Royal arms that form such a feature of King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

In 1540, by some transaction not yet clear, the Honours of Wallingford and St. Valery became detached from the Duchy of Cornwall and came into the possession of that voracious time-server, Sir John, later Lord, Williams of Thame, at that time building the great house at Rycote (*COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. LXIII, page 16), a few miles away. With his descendants, the Earls of Abingdon, Beckley continued till 1920, when it was bought by Mr. Feilding. About 1800 it was leased to a family named Ledwell, some of whom are buried in Beckley Church.

In 1540 nearly three centuries had elapsed since the King of the Romans' residence here, and his buildings must be presumed to have fallen into ruin; but not so utterly as to enable a new house to be built on the main island. The site chosen for



Copyright. 9.—PLAN OF THE SITE. "C.L."

it was the narrow strip of ground between the inner and middle moats, originally unencumbered by buildings (so we may suppose). In character the building is a manor house of medium size, but with a plan dictated by its shallow site, and with so remarkably plentiful and elaborate sanitary contrivances that it can scarcely have been intended as merely the home of a squire.

Among the books that await writing is a *Chronicon Cloacinum*, a history of sanitation. In the work the Reformation would stand out as the greatest disaster that has ever befallen the cause of decency in this country. The monasteries and mediæval castles were provided with elaborate privies, and at Hampton Court Wolsey introduced water closets of some kind that much delighted contemporaries. But after 1540 the science of sanitation seems to have been entirely forgotten. The highest in the land were contented, in Elizabeth's reign, with "close stools" or with earth closets in garden houses, and the Versailles period is notorious for the ghastly inadequacy of its provisions—the chief reason, according to St. Simon, for the frequent removals of the *Grand Monarque's* Court.

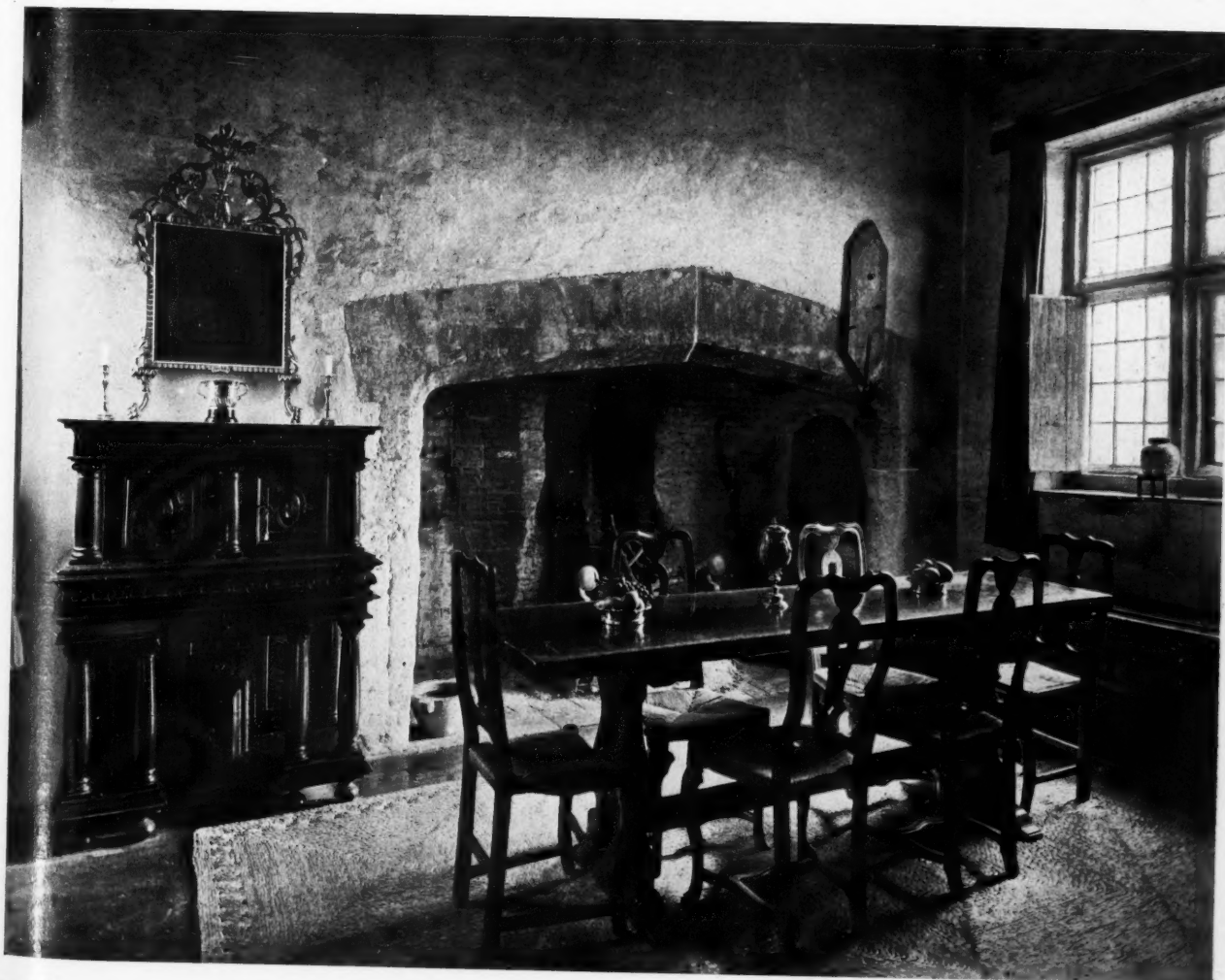
At Beckley, however, otherwise a modest dwelling, three *garde robe* flues are accommodated in the projecting gables at the back (Fig. 2), two in the west, one in the east. They descended into the inner moat (since filled in), and are also carried upwards to vents under the eaves (one may be seen on the farther gable in Fig. 5).



Copyright.

10.—THE PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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11.—THE OLD KITCHEN, NOW THE DINING-ROOM.

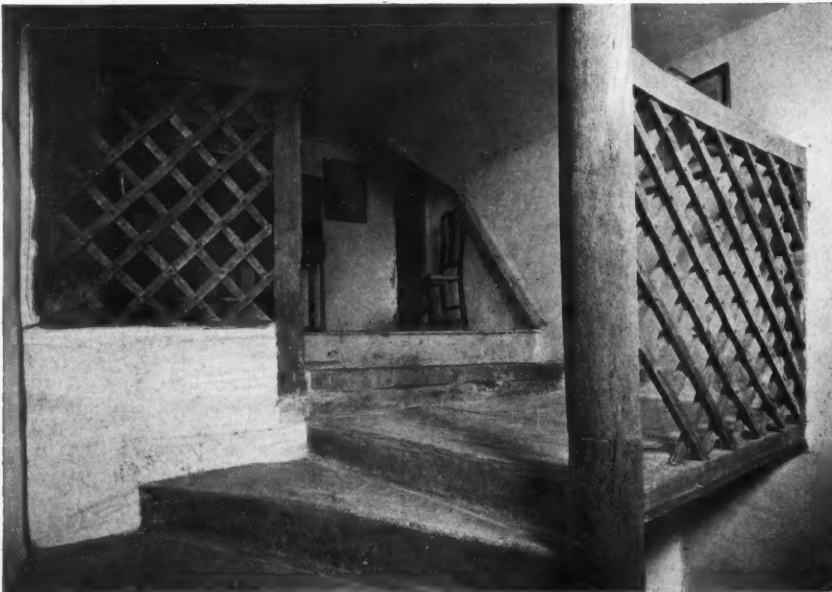
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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12.—THE HALL, LOOKING WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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13.—THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

14.—THE WEST END OF THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

A deduction from this peculiarity is that Beckley was built for a luxurious and cultivated person, and for the occasional accommodation of many more people than could usually sleep in the house. The probability is, therefore, that Lord Williams put it up among the ruins of the castle as a lodge for use when he and a party hunted the great park. Its brickwork, beautifully diapered with black headers, is similar to that which used to be at Rycote.

The front of the house, facing south, is approached across the middle moat by a bridge the same age as the house. Originally, the porch, now roofed above the door level, rose to the eaves and accommodated a deep bay window on the first floor. The splay for the two lateral lights remain in the wall either side of the existing central window, the stone mullions of which, being identical with those of the other windows, will have been replaced here when the upper part of the porch was removed. The mouldings of the mullions are, incidentally, of unusually fine section. The existing chimney shafts are later replacements of the original ones, which were probably enriched in the fashion of the time. Part of a stone base to such a shaft survives.

The foundations and commodious basements are built of local rubble, with dressed stone coigns, the latter, very likely, from the ruins of the thirteenth century building.

It is the gables at the back that constitute the architectural beauty of the house. Though the moat at the gables' bases has been filled in to make room for a paved terrace, they still rise, when seen obliquely (Fig. 2), with a superb starkness above the water. The central gable, accommodating the newel stair, is wider than the others. Imposing as the effect is, it is, probably, accidental. This front cannot have been intended to be seen, and may even have been obscured by ruins. Perhaps for this reason, the builder set himself to accommodate the privies and staircase with all the more simplicity. The nearest parallel to the building that I can recall is Astonbury, Herts, dating from 1530, and presenting a somewhat similar disposition of parts, though on a larger scale.

In the hall (Fig. 12) the remains of a screen survived till recently. The high window on the right retains its early seventeenth century glazing, and beyond is a noble fire-arch. A kind of inner porch at the farther end of the hall covers the door to a stair down to the cellars and adjoins a similar porch to the parlour (Fig. 10), where the original door of overlapping boards can be seen.

The parlour has Jacobean wainscot to just above eye level, above which the plain studding has been hung over with a faint bluey grey damask. The wainscot has been only partially cleaned of its paint, gaining thereby a pleasant mottled surface more interesting than the plain wood.

At what was the screens end of the hall, a central doorway (Figs. 15 and 17) gives into the former buttery. It is a satisfying piece of joinery. The double-leaved door is unchanged since flagons of jolly good ale and old used to be served through it. The entry of casks of the said ale into the buttery apparently proved difficult at some epoch, so the imposts of the doorway were scooped

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away near the bottom to admit of the casks' rotundity passing through. Originally, the buttery was a dark room, for the better keeping of liquor. It is lit to-day by the right-hand half of a two-light window (see plan), but, as built, this window was shut off by a party wall, the only light coming from a small triangular window (Fig. 1) high up on the exterior wall against the porch. As seen from outside, this window looks like half a vertically divided diamond. Its use is unintelligible—for it is too high to be a porter's squint—till we realise that, facing south, as it does, the buttery needed only a small ventilation window.

Another door from the hall gave into a passage communicating with the kitchen, now the dining-room (Fig. 11). Above the low ceiling of this passage there was considerable space, accessible from the buttery, for storage purposes, possibly even for sleeping berths. A very thick upright beam in this neighbourhood carries the weight of a massive fireplace on the floor above.

The old kitchen retains its vast fireplace, arched with two colossal stones. To the left of the fireplace is an oven. The wooden fixture on the arch that looks like a scone is the remains of an old apparatus for turning spits by means of the hot air passing up the chimney. Off the kitchen opens a pantry in the north-east tower, the farther side of which was formerly walled off. Half of this space accommodated a *garde*



15.—HOW CASKS WENT FROM HALL TO BUTTERY.

robe flue, the other a flue for smoking hams. A hatch in the wall communicated with the kitchen, and recesses survive fitted with stone shelves.

Opposite the entrance to the hall is the newel staircase, the treads formed of solid blocks beautifully adjusted to form a smooth undersurface. At the top (Fig. 13) a balustrade is formed by a lattice of stout oak laths.

The most interesting piece of joinery in a house remarkable for the preservation of its fittings is the casement shown in Fig. 16, in one of the upper rooms facing north. The stone window is backed with a wooden frame, in which is hinged another frame containing a shutter. The modern glazing (not seen) has been put outside. The hinged frame is grooved for the reception of glazing, but seems never to have been fitted with it. I was puzzled for some time by this unusual arrangement, till, going through the Smythson drawings at the R.I.B.A., I found a little working model in paper of just such a window, inscribed "The Upright draught of the Italian window at Arundel House." The Italian custom, developed in



Copyright. 16.—AN "ITALIAN WINDOW." Circa 1600. "C.L."



Copyright. 17.—THE HALL, FROM THE BUTTERY DOOR "C.L."

early times, was to set glass in wooden frames fixed behind the marble or stone colonnettes that appear externally on quattrocento palaces. A cleaner joint was obtained thus than by fixing the glazing to the stonework.

The same fine, attenuated hinges survive on shutters throughout the house, many of which are double-leaved, and some (e.g., the hall, Fig. 12) fitted in "Italian" frames. The fastenings are also unusually delicate. A possible explanation for the presence of only one complete "Italian window" is,

perhaps, that the room was the best bedroom and faced north, so that warmth was particularly required.

From the illustrations will be seen what a delightful home Mr. and Mrs. Feilding have made of Beckley, while preserving a rarely precious structure with admirable judgment. The simple Italian furniture fits perfectly into the rooms—which, it is allowable to believe, were built by one of the most prominent men of the Renaissance not without one eye on Italy.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

SOME SUSSEX SHEPHERDS

By R. THURSTON HOPKINS.

ONE rarely sees now the old-fashioned downland shepherd, such as he was in times past, the grey-whiskered, brown-faced countryman with round frock, giant cane-ribbed umbrella and hand-forged crook. I refer to—well, it does not matter how many years ago: but, in brief, when our companions were boys. Then the shepherd in our village was an institution. What would the village fair have been without him and his dogs? What would the inn kitchen have been without his familiar figure before the glowing open hearth at nightfall? How bare the Round Hill, which peeps over the roofs of the village houses, would have looked without his silhouette following the grazing flock over the laced and tangled sheep-tracks. How silent the surrounding downs would have been without the busy bark of his dogs and the drowsy muffled klonk-klonk-klonk of his sheep bells.

Two of the most charming features of the South Downs are the direct results of the flocks of sheep which have occupied their pastures for so many centuries. Watch a flock climbing the chalk uplands and you will see how they follow in single file along the crosswise tracks with which every hill is striated. The attrition of their feet through the centuries has worn these tracks into an intricate white tracery from one end of the downs to the other; a tracery which adds such a delightful touch to the blue distance of the hills that it is now impossible to imagine them without it. Again, we have to thank the sheep for the smooth, elastic character of the downland turf, which is such a joy to the pedestrian. The sheep fertilise the soil and at the same time keep the turf cropped as close as a perfect lawn with their busy teeth. The grasses and clovers, and other downland herbs, cling close to the ground in order to escape

destruction, and by the endless repetition of this process a closely woven turf has gradually superseded the coarse herbage.

Sheep bells were characteristic articles of the old-time shepherd's equipment. Each shepherd owned his own "ring o' bells," and when he left one farm to take up a new situation on another, his bells were taken with him. The use of the sheep bell must go back to those dim ages when iron was first smelted in the Weald and sheep first thrived on downland turf. It is probable that sheep bells were first used by the Bronze Age folk who tended sheep on the English hills, and were originally intended to warn them of any raids on their folds by wolf packs or sheep-stealers; or, perhaps, they served a double purpose—firstly, that of amulets, and secondly, as warning-gongs. There are three types of bells used in Sussex—the "canister," with a box-like body; the "cluckket," with a bulbous body; and the "rumbler," which is a spherical bell about four inches in diameter. The latter is made of brass or bell metal, with a slot cut beneath it, along which a ball rolls with a rumbling sound. This bell is the ancient crotal, and belongs more specifically to riding and sleigh horses than to sheep. As early as 1590 spherical bells were given as prizes in horse-racing, and the winning horse was led about in triumph with the silver bell attached to the headgear. This custom gave rise to the popular phrase of "Bearing away the bell" or "To bear away the bell." Many allusions occur in the city records of Carlisle to "Nag-Bells," and two of them are still preserved in the municipal offices of that town. Bells were also given as prizes for ewe lambs and ram lambs at cattle shows, and it is possible that the use of the sheep bell was popularised by this custom.

The canister bell is made of sheet iron cut and bent into shape, and riveted at the sides. I have one in my possession



Habberton Lulham.

ABOVE THE VILLAGE OF FULKING

Copyright.



OFF TO THE FAIR.

which is five inches from top to lip and fourteen inches in circumference. To give a bell a mellow tone it is often dipped in molten copper or bronze.

The "cluck" bell has a crown which exceeds the mouth in width, and, taken from the craftsman's point of view, it is more pleasing in design and finish than the "canister" variety.

The bell is attached to the sheep's neck by means of a yoke and straps. The fitting at the crown of the bell is called the bell staple. The looped straps are passed through the staple and afterwards through two slots in the yoke, and there secured at each end with bone or wooden pegs which are generally waisted in order to keep them from working loose.

The old-time shepherd called his smock a "round frock," and took as much pride in wearing it as did the Victorian soldier in wearing his scarlet coat. The "round frock," indeed, was a ceremonial garment in addition to an article of dress on the farm and sheep-walks; it physically sheltered and spiritually sustained. The grey, brown and black round frocks were looked upon as working garments, but the pure white smocks were only used at weddings and funerals. The smock is a direct heritage of Saxon England, for in time of peace the garb of both noble and freeman was a smock frock, as may be seen in old illuminations. It is interesting to note that they varied in texture and colour for different occasions. The noble was only distinguished from the shepherd by his embroidered sword-belt.

I well remember seeing four shepherds carrying a coffined comrade to his grave in Poynings Churchyard one misty day in winter. Over their white smocks they wore tattered great-coats, which gave them a weird appearance as they passed like phantoms and disappeared down a coombe in the downs.

A labourer standing by me said: "They're taking him to be folded for the last time," and I think that, surrounded by the mist-shrouded hills, the old fellow felt something of the saddening effect of that silent burial procession.

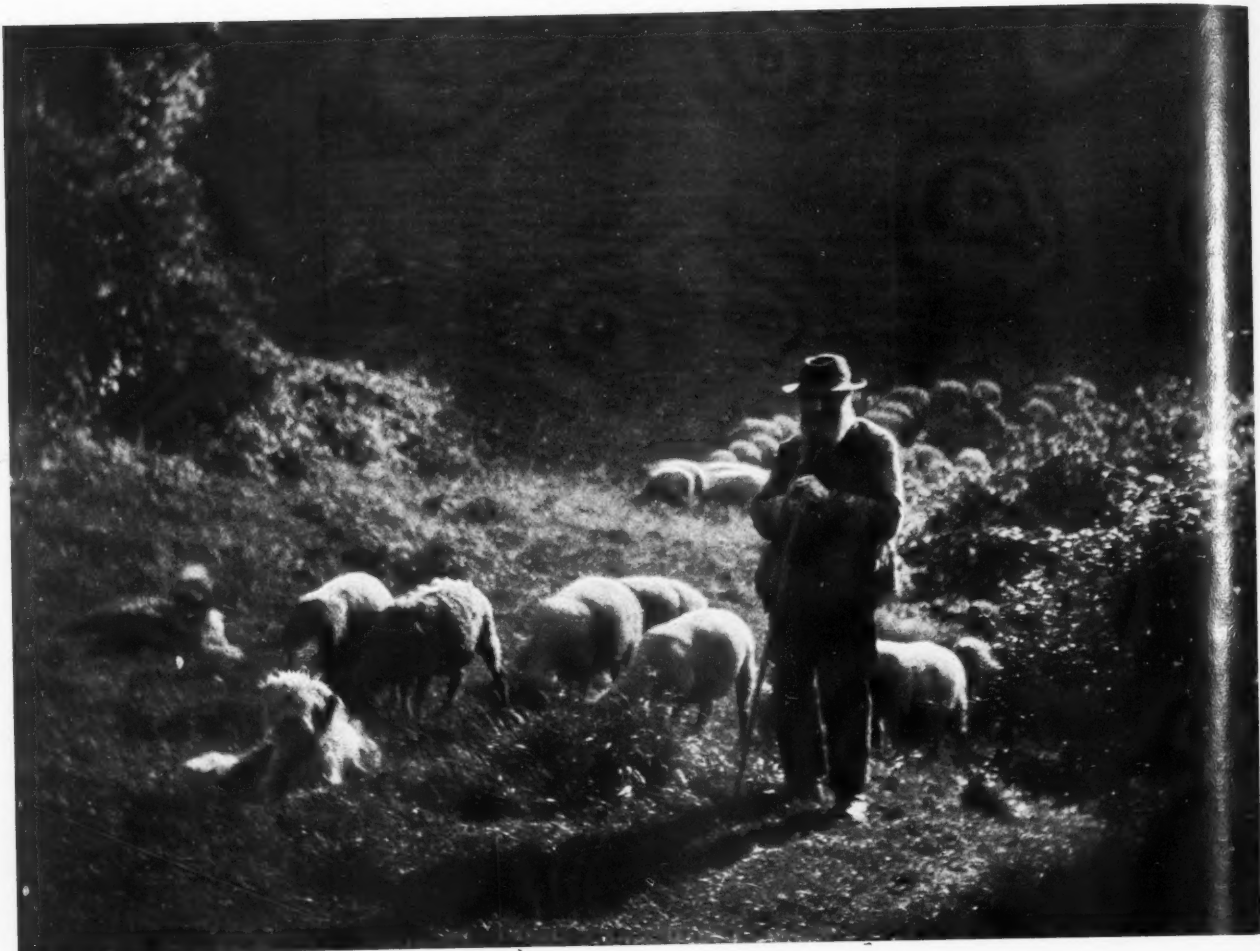
A few of the old style downland shepherds still linger on, and if you meet one under the right conditions you will learn more about his countryside than the most exhaustive guide-book could teach you in a year. He will transport you from one century to another in a breath, and end by leading



Habberton Lulham.

"ONE OF THE BEST OF SOUTHDOWN SHEPHERDS."

Copyright.



ON DITCHLING BEACON.



Habberton Lulham

HOME TO THE HILL FOLD.

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you into the mists of tradition and folk-lore. Old Mr. Dudeney, in Rudyard Kipling's charming story *The Knife and the Naked Chalk*, is a faithful portrait of an English shepherd, and his favourite axiom—"the closer you be to the turf the more you're apt to see things"—contains the secret of the shepherd's vast store of local knowledge.

One of the illustrations on an earlier page shows the shepherd and his dogs following the sheep on a downland road. In Sussex it is usual to drive sheep in this way, but shepherds have been observed *leading* their sheep in other parts of England. W. H. Hudson, in *A Shepherd's Life*, speaks of seeing a shepherd in South Wilts leading his sheep and controlling them with his voice. He points out that the two dogs were with their master and the flock was entirely directed by the shepherd's curious call—a somewhat musical cry in two notes. I have never witnessed this sight in Sussex, but an interesting passage in Cuthbert Bede's *Verdant Green*, a book published in 1857, shows that a shepherd who could control his flock in this way was not an unusual sight in 1857:

Dr. Habberton Lulham's photograph of a flock on the downs above Falking calls to my mind the quaint little inn at that village—The Shepherd and Dog. This hostelry is a favourite gathering place for shepherds, and in the old days I went there so often that I became fast friends with several veterans. I was never tired of listening to their talk and drawing upon their stores of knowledge. One of them told me a story of sheep-stealing which should not be allowed to die. He received it from his father, a shepherd of Coombes, one of the isolated villages above Shoreham Harbour. His father had it from the mother of the sheep-stealer.

He was a labourer, named Shooesmith, who had been employed at Court Mill, Steyning, and was described as a great, powerful fellow, full of fire and noise. He had a wife and large family to keep, and the winter was abnormally long and severe. Shooesmith was out of work, having been put off from the mill because the ice and floods had wrecked the water-wheel. His larder was empty, and he was not the man to see his children starve without making a desperate struggle. Indeed, the spirited Sussex saying, "I wunt starve when I have, nor, by gorry, when I haven't, neither," was continually on his lips. He

had plenty of cord wood for fuel, and as he sat before the blazing logs he thought of what a sheep could do for him and his family until the temptation gained the upper hand and he slipped out into the night to raid an adjacent farm. He crept up to a fold and, with a folding-bar, struck one of the sheep such a deadly blow on its head that it fell to earth without a cry. But the flock smelt danger, and suddenly the whole place was in a clamour with the jangle of sheep-bells and the bleating of the flock. Hastily he fastened it on his shoulders with a cord and made off with it, but not before his raid had been discovered and a couple of farm hands were in hot pursuit. Shooesmith bounded over the treacherous marshlands which he had known from childhood, and headed for a landing stage on the River Adur, which was then at low ebb. From the stage he cleared the river, fourteen feet wide, with the wether on his back. Unfortunately, his heels flew up on landing, and he was dragged backwards in the water, to be both strangled and drowned. His body was subsequently found with the sheep, tied by the hind legs, round his neck.

Shepherds were allowed to bring their dogs into church up to 1800—an odd instance, this, of clerical dog-matism!—and it may be guessed that the collected dogs occasionally indulged in a general scuffle. The unpleasant duty of ejecting quarrelsome members of the canine congregation fell to the churchwarden. In many country churches iron dog-tongs, once used to handle them, are still preserved. The instrument was worked on the "lazy tongs" principle; when the handles were brought smartly together the jointed folds shot out and the pugnacious dog was seized by the leg to be ignominiously dragged into the outer air.

Interesting as a specimen of pastoral folk-lore is the burial custom of sending a dead shepherd on his final journey with an emblem of his calling clutched in his hand. The custom has now become obsolete, but I remember one of the Collins family at Hooe, near Bexhill, telling me that he remembered seeing a shepherd buried with a sheepskin for a winding sheet; but this seems to be a unique instance. The old custom was to put a lock of wool into the shepherd's hands, the idea being that on Judgment Day he could display the symbol of his vocation in order to show why he was so frequently absent during divine service.

AT THE THEATRE

"CHINOISERIE"

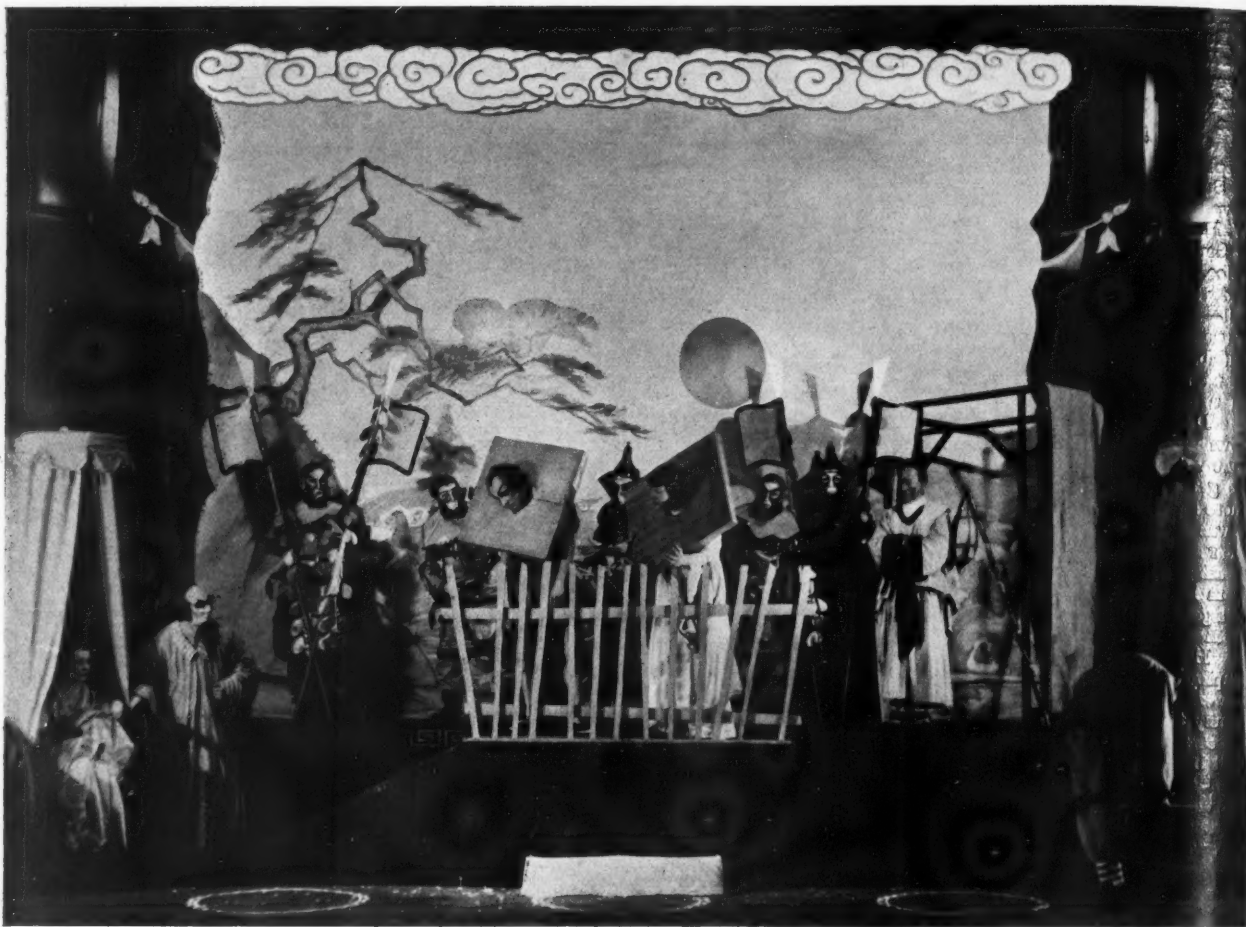
CURIOSLY enough, the Far East has not for the English the same attraction which it has for some other Western nations. Perhaps it is because we know too much about the East to be excessively romantic about it. "I think," said Hogarth to Horace Walpole, "that it is owing to the good sense of the English that they have not painted better." It is probably due to the colonising sense of the English that they do not look so romantically as other nations upon inhabitants of the farther ends of the earth. In English poetry or prose I cannot at the moment recall any extravagant paeans to the Chinese, the nearest thing of the kind occurring in Lamb's essay entitled *Old China*. One still reads with infinite delight such a passage as "Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on tea-cups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream." But continue this essay a little and at once you begin to perceive that Lamb got no nearer to China, nor ever desired closer approach, than the china-closet. His last sentence—"And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty, insipid, half Madonna-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer-house."—has no ache in it. The writer has never been nor wanted to be where "the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'cross the Bay." The French, on the other hand, have a singular weakness for the East. There is Pierre Loti, of course, and before him there was Théophile Gautier, whose *Chinoiserie* is one of the world's most exquisite little poems.

Let me break off for a moment to answer the reader's possibly impatient "What has all this to do with the theatre?" My answer is that the play I hope and believe I am considering is "The Circle of Chalk," just produced at the New Theatre. But I hold it unfair to this play to set down its plot in logical words, because that is not the logic to which it properly belongs. This play's logic is the logic of visible and tangible beauty, of design and pigment, the sheen of lacquer and the rich feel

of stuffs. I do not know how it would strike a Chinaman, though I will make a guess and say that it would probably strike him very strangely indeed. That is not the point. I have no doubt that a Chinese performance in Peking of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" would fall queerly on the eyes and ears of an English audience drawn from the better counties. But that would not be the point of such a production, the object being to present to the Chinese such a picture of English life as will satisfy Chinese eyes and ears. The object of the production at the New Theatre is to present a Chinese fairy-tale many hundreds of years old in such a fashion that it will satisfy English eyes and ears. To appreciate it one must put oneself in the mood imposed upon his French readers by Gautier in his little poem. This is accentuated by the fact that the principal character in "The Circle of Chalk" is played by a little Chinese lady, Miss Anna May Wong, whose portrait is given overleaf. Now let me quote a verse from Gautier's *Chinoiserie* and ask any reader who has seen Miss Wong whether she must not by prevision have been in the poet's eye:

Elle a des yeux retroussés vers les tempes,
Un pied petit à tenir dans la main,
Le teint plus clair que le cuivre des lampes,
Les ongles longs et rougis de carmin.

But there is another aspect of Miss Wong's personality, to describe which fittingly we must go to yet another Frenchman. This aspect is manifest only when we consider the screen-personality of this little lady, who, when she acts for the films, has the most astonishing reserve and repose, qualities more astonishing, perhaps, in a European and which we should properly consider as natural to the Asiatic. It was of another little Eastern lady that Maupassant wrote: "Elle était là roulant des choses en sa petite tête de sphinx, ou peut-être, ne pensant à rien, mais gardant cette belle et charmante pose héréditaire de ces peuples nobles et songeurs, la pose hiératique des statues sacrées." This describes quite perfectly the impression which Miss Wong gave us, for example, in the film called "Piccadilly." A good deal of it is lost on the stage because, quite frankly, Miss Wong is screen-actress rather than actress. This need not astonish nor dismay anybody, since the two arts are as different as those of the painter and the sculptor. Nor need Miss Wong take too much to heart her failure to be as good in one medium as she is in the other, many admirable actresses



"ENSEMBLE CHINOISE" AT THE NEW THEATRE.

in the flesh being, if one may use so graceless a word, duds in front of a camera. This instrument plays strange tricks with the human face, for it is capable of making people who in real life are beautiful look plain on the screen, and possibly *vice versa*. Miss Wong could never by the most extravagant stretch of fancy be called plain. But the exquisite beauty which she presents on the screen, the spacing of the features and their interplay, disappear on the stage, where all the features of her countenance tumble together to make up a charming but rather indistinguishable mass of roguishness. She still remains a dainty rogue in porcelain, but it is the porcelain of the china-closet rather than the haunting image from strange lands. Nor does her voice help her, for lo and listen! the cascade of words which falls on our ears is pure Broadway, perfectly disarming and, if you like, entrancing, but unexpected from the lips of one who:

demeure avec ses vieux
parents,
Dans une tour de porcelaine
fine,
Au fleuve Jaune, ou sont les
cormorans.

The piece remains a delicious fairy-tale as to the plot of which I shall give you no more clue than to say that it is all about a little lady of low degree who, after many vicissitudes and tribulations, finds herself seated on the throne of China

by the side of an Emperor in other performances of great

excellence. The play has primrose satin. There is another Chinese actress in the person of Miss Rose Quong, who gives as much venom to the heroine's rival as a German opera-singer will impart to Ortrud. There is Miss Marie Ault, *plus chinoise que les chinoises*. There is Mr. Bruce Winston, who revels in the rôles of a pander and a High Court judge with indistinguishable unction, and as though the parts were very much the same thing. Mr. Frank Cochrane as a mandarin poisoned with a celerity beyond the hope of the British Pharmacopæia, has at least one moving moment; Mr. Laurence Olivier, as Prince Charming, makes many a *beau geste*; and Mr. George Carzon acquits himself extremely well as a poetic beggar more jingling than jingle. The production of Mr. Basil Dean has hundreds of virtues and no fault; and in the matter of scenery and costumes, design and colour, Mr. Aubrey Hammond has surpassed anything that he has ever before achieved or attempted. Mr. Ernest Irving extracts a great deal of delightful music from some old Chinese tunes played largely, one gathers, on the bones. The whole entertainment, in fact, is a tremendous success, and I for one should raise no objection if the final curtain fell some time after midnight instead of some time before. GEORGE WARRINGTON.



MISS ANNA MAY WONG IN "THE CIRCLE OF CHALK."

JUST DOGS

I AM almost sure that, to ninety-nine out of every hundred men and women, the word "dog"—just "dog," unqualified by any reference to size or breed—means, as it does to me, some sort of terrier. "He had a dog with him" shows that "he" had as companion a fox-terrier, or a Sealyham, or a wire-haired, or a Cairn, or an "Irishman," or an Aberdeen. If I wanted to convey the impression that he was walking with a retriever or a bloodhound, I should say so. If she had a "little dog" with her, I might expect a Pom or a Pekingese, though I should think it a slipshod way of writing. Dogs—just dogs—are terriers and all their mongrel variations. That—

... hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are 'clept

All by the name of dogs—

is as true as most things Shakespeare said; but, though all breeds are dogs, dogs are—still I maintain it—particularly terriers. In passing, was the "demi-wolf" the ancestor of the Alsatian? It is an exciting thought, and worth throwing—like a bone into a stable-yard—into the contest between the friends and foes of that particular breed.

Most of us who keep dogs, and would no more dream of not keeping them than we should of living in a house devoid of chairs and tables, are inclined to accept them without very much enquiry as to why they are such pleasant people to have about the place. We talk about dogs being "company," or "friendly," or "faithful"; but the fact is that what really attracts us in dogs is that they are attracted to us. A dog is a luxury to a man, but beyond all doubt or question a man is a necessity to a dog. I have a shrewd suspicion that manworship is canine religion, and that the only really wicked dogs

are the ones—and they, of course, are mad, and so not to blame about it—who have seen their god face to face and hated him. In fact, without man, dog would never have been just dog, but something else—not even demi-wolf, perhaps.

Now, there is nothing which attracts love more than love itself. Look at the sensitive, steady, affectionate little faces of the terriers whose photographs illustrate these pages; think of all the dogs—just dogs—that you may have known, and their capacity for devotion; fancy any one of these pictured dogs turning such bright, beseeching, worshipping brown eyes as theirs on you. Could you resist it? No. When a dog singles you out as the recipient of his love, that you will return his affection is a foregone conclusion. There is a sense of having been very much honoured; an inward conviction that, in some way, one must be a nicer person than one ever dared to think oneself. The dog's admiration gives a fillip to self-esteem; in return, his master or mistress forms a high opinion of such an intelligent animal. Dear, foolish creatures, how often their regard must have been

the bulwark between some unhappy human being and despair. An "only" friend has often been a dog, for, in spite of the pleasant superstition that dogs attach themselves to attractive personalities, the man or woman who alienates human affection can often keep that of a dog. It is something, in most cases, not connected with kind treatment, good food or even petting. A yard dog may remain indifferent, but hardly ever does a dog which is given intimacy with a human being fail to respond with love, and a Bill Sikes is as likely to keep his dog's love as Mary, Queen of Scots, was to keep that of the small friend who went with her to the scaffold.

Every dog lover has, of course, his or her own particular



"THE WORKMANLIKE STYLE OF BLACKMOOR BENEDICT."



T. Fall.



ARISTOCRATIC SEALYHAM PROFILES.

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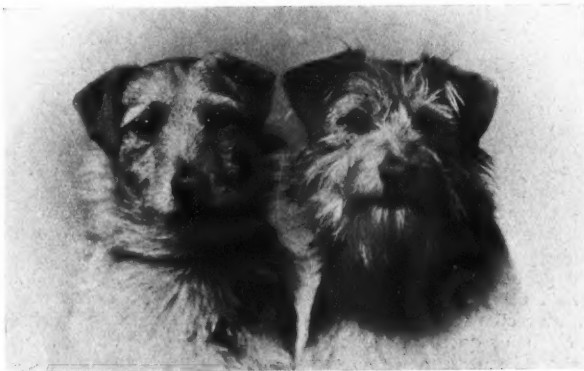
"CAIRNS ARE EAGER, A TRIFLE WISTFUL."

favourite among the breeds, and among them their favourite individuals. I confess myself to the softest of hearts where cocker spaniels are concerned, and of all of that breed that I have ever known, put first a friend's dog, Johnnie D—, a black cocker with the long, grave face of a Spanish nobleman, legs as "feathered" as a cart-horse's, and a heart and brain that the majority of mankind might envy him. Johnnie D—, engaged in a game of "Up Jenkins," two big black silky paws planted proudly on the table, or dashing to shut the door at a word from his master is a sight worth seeing. I have never known a Chow intimately, but there is something extraordinarily cheerful in their expressions which is very attractive; and then there are Great Danes, with their lovely wise heads; and red setters, so beautiful in their long grace; and bulldogs,

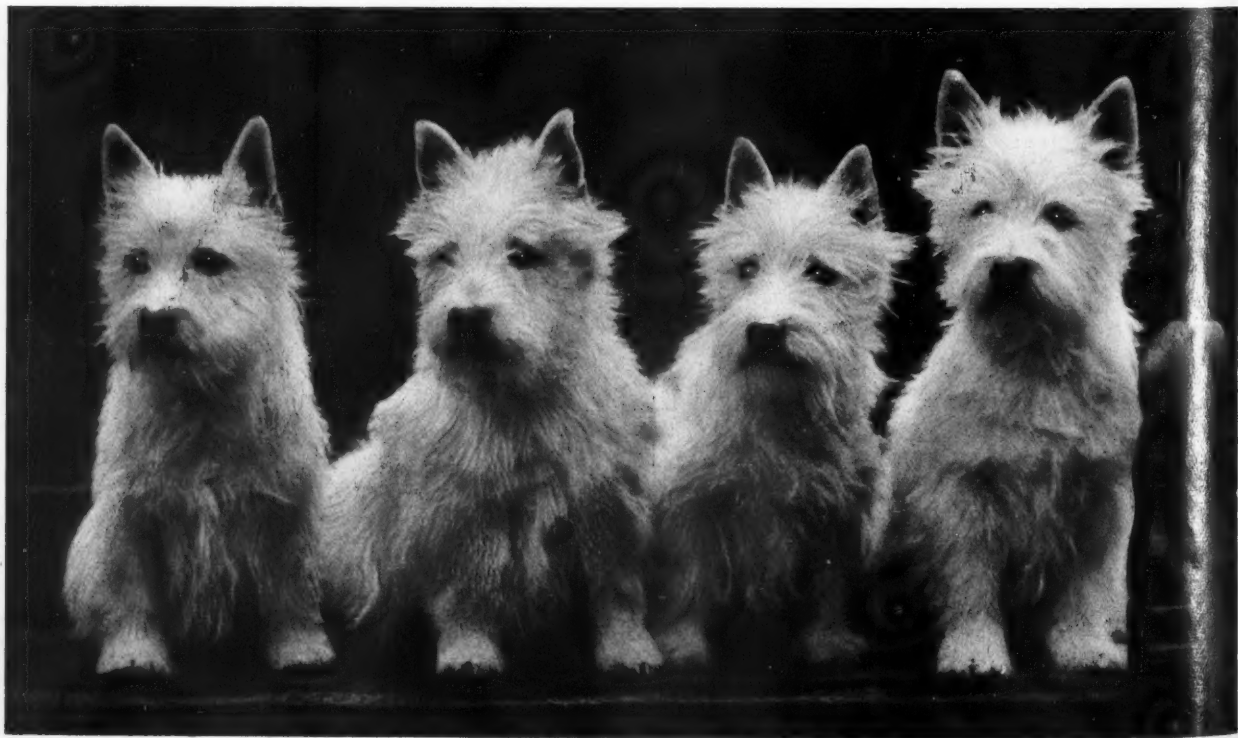
business-like and alert; and so many more. Is there any animal the various breeds of which are as wide apart as are the different breeds of dogs, with such great divergence of coat, colour and shape between kind and kind? A visitor from Mars might be forgiven if he refused to believe that an Old English sheepdog and a dachshund were the same kind of animal. And they all have their lovers, be they—

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail type or trundle-tail.

But when all is said and acknowledged, I go back to my original contention that—in England at least—"a dog" means a terrier. Other breeds become popular and swell the classes at Cruft's and wane again, but the terriers go on for ever, and deserve to. There is no dog so alert, so knowing and so companionable, none that fits so



"LAKELAND TERRIERS HAVE A KINDLY AIR."



T. Fall.

"ALERT ATTENTION TEMPERED WITH DOUBT."

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T. Fall.



CAIRN PUPPIES.

well into both castle and cottage, who takes so kindly to exercising with the hounds or on a lead in the park, none who, over and above breed characteristics, has so much individual character. Forty years ago the fox-terrier had it all his own way, and deserved it; now the Cairn and the Sealyham enjoy a greater popularity; but there is always some sort of terrier representing the dog to the average man or woman, and doing it most efficiently.

A glance at the terrier photographs on these pages makes it plain that, even among terriers, the infinite variety of doghood is the rule. Compare the lofty expression and aristocratic Sealyham profile of St. Margarets Serene with the workmanlike style of Blackmoor Benedict, of whom one feels that on a human being with a similarly straightforward air one would rely in any crisis. The Lakeland terriers have a kindly air; the West Highlands, in spite of individual differences, a look of alert attention tempered with doubt, like sound business men at the first opening up of some new proposition. The Cairns are eager, a trifle wistful. Curiously enough, the childhood of the race in these two breeds reflects its age, and the pup is father to the dog; the Sealyhams are a little less overwhelmingly aristocratic, the Cairns a shade less eager, but the general expression is the same.

There is really only one drawback to terriers which is worth seriously considering—and that is one that they share with all their race—the melancholy fact that into three score years and ten the lifetime of a dog goes five or six times at least, even if you are very fortunate. I know an artist to whom dogs are both friends and models, who buys a puppy every year or so,

because she dreads that awful gap between the old and the new which everyone remembers who has ever given his heart to a dog to tear. Some years ago I was engaged on an anthology of animal poetry; some of the animals were extraordinarily difficult to discover enshrined in English verse—the poor pig, for instance, appeared in none but his most sordid phases—but the poets who had sung of the dog were legion. Well known poets and little known poets, sad poets and happy poets had written, and often finely and from the heart, in praise of dogs.

A list of them and their works would be a long one, but a magnificent testimony to the dog. Of course, as sorrow is the seed of poetry, it is the parting from some faithful friend which has been the commonest source of their inspiration. A poem which appeared originally in COUNTRY LIFE, so I may be forgiven for quoting it in full, seems to me an epitome of many, and an epitome of what hundreds, no thousands, have felt, since dogs first attached themselves to the human race.

If this be all, and no shore bounds
The unknown seas on which you sail—
No Paradise for little hounds—
If love and loyalty avail
No whit, and faith that shamed the men
Upon whose hearts you laid your spell
Whose house is desolate—why then
Sleep well—sleep well.

Not a bad tribute to have been earned by just a dog.

BRENDA E. SPENDER.



T. Fall.

"A LITTLE LESS OVERWHELMINGLY ARISTOCRATIC."

Copyright.

NEOLITHICS AND NEOCLASSICS

Art and Civilisation, (The Unity Series, VIII). Essays arranged and edited by F. S. Marvin and A. F. Clutton-Brock. (Oxford University Press, 12s. 6d.)

THE doubts raised by the war as to what civilisation really is were confirmed last summer by Mr. Clive Bell's essay on the matter, which shattered a good many optimistic assumptions. If the term is to have any meaning, it must refer not to "progress," but to a certain condition of intelligence as displayed by certain groups of people. I began reading this book in the hopes that its essays, "by several hands," on crucial phases of art, would illumine the relations of civilised society to the æsthetic impulse. The preface scarcely makes plain the important fact that "civilisation" is used as meaning the gradual evolution of the world as it is to-day. The "Unity History School," of which the volume is a product, is an association founded on the eve of the war with the object of emphasising the fundamental unity of human development, irrespective of nationalities, and often of race. The essays, by first-rate authorities on their respective periods, ranging from a physiological study by Professor Elliott Smith of the origins of art to an interesting critique of modern art in relation to industry, are designed to show how closely interwoven are the most diverse cultures by racial penetration, commercial intercourse and religion.

A perfect synthesis of this vast subject is scarcely to be expected of a team of writers. But out of the maze of cross-influences the broad tendencies do emerge; and make the book a valuable survey of mankind's artistic activities. Mr. Michael Holroyd contributes a brilliant examination of the reactions that produced classical art among the people of the eastern Mediterranean; and Mr. Laurence Binyon's survey of the art of Asia is a combination of knowledge and insight such as we have come to expect of him. In his essay, and in Mrs. Strong's on the art of the Sei and Settecento, we can see real civilisation flowering beside the path of progress. This creative insight is inevitably, from the obscure nature of the subject, less evident in the veteran Professor Strzygowski's essays on Old Christian and Mediæval Art. Indeed, the book's defect is its neglect of the great art of mediæval Europe. Strzygowski explains concisely the vital importance of the Near and Middle East—which he has made his special province—in the development of art in the first millennium A.D. The vanished and, as yet, only half-unearthed civilisations of this region can be seen to have been the fulcrum between East and West. But, though he demonstrates his own theory of the origin of Gothic architecture in the mast-churches of Scandinavia, he passes over the religious civilisation itself and the linear art which expressed it.

Mr. A. F. Clutton-Brock reviews the art of the last three centuries in two essays that are, perhaps, the most stimulating in the book, and approaches—but, it seems to me, just misses—the crucial point of the relations of art and civilisation to-day. Mr. Clive Bell showed civilisation as reaching maturity only in a limited society, and Mr. Clutton-Brock shows us how the modern artist, so far from being a super-civilised man like the artists of the Renaissance, tends to take less and less part in the life of the time. The problem is how the fugitive and intensely individual spirit of the artist and the "civilised" appreciation needed for the patronage of the finest art are to survive the increasing standardisation imposed by democracy—which is what the editors accept as constituting "modern civilisation." The artist needs to be an uncivilised force. Cézanne, moreover, could never have painted without his unearned income. How will a future Cézanne fare in a Socialist civilisation of organised workers? The editors believe that the solution lies in education. But will a democracy, however highly educated, be any more discerning than the Parisians of fifty years ago who overlooked Cézanne, or those of to-day who accept every mannerist as his equal? C. H.

Paying Guests, by E. F. Benson. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

SOME fatal weakness in human nature ensures that every boarding-house shall be also a boring house—or, at any rate, a house in which entertainment is to be obtained chiefly by a study of the bores inhabiting it. And this is, of course, ten times truer of a boarding-house frequented largely by invalids than of any other variety. Mr. Benson has collected a representative company of such bores in his *Paying Guests*, a company mitigated by only one man and one woman of average sense and attractiveness, of whom we hear far too little. The characterisation is both acute and amusing, but the book has its *longueurs* because such trifling events as make up its plot are not enough to sustain the weight of a full-length novel. The best thing in the book is the sentimental friendship that springs up between a girlish spinster and a manly one; but, while this is really perfect in itself, it is slightly marred by the fact that one of the two escapes from complete domination by a selfish father with an ease that could certainly not be matched in real life. Another

character out of whom Mr. Benson gets many of his wittiest passages is Mrs. Bliss, the believer in Mind: "All is mind and mind is all. . . . Invert it, and it remains equally true. Hence Evil is nothing and nothing is evil." To which the woman of sense murmurs the well merited addition: "Cats eat mice, therefore mice—" The book, because of its concentration on the little stupidities, boasts and meannesses of a handful of people, conveys at times a slight effect of waspishness; yet there are plenty of perfectly legitimate laughs and chuckles, too, as well as now and then that faint, salutary uneasiness which means that Mr. Benson has got dangerously near to some folly or foible of our own.

Seagulls and Mariners, by Kathleen Conyngham Greene and Mary G. Campion. (Philip Allan, 1s.)

SLIGHT and brief as is this little collection of verses, Miss Conyngham Greene's work has always both point and artistry. She can make us see what she sees, whether it is a Pacific beach or a London fog. This time she leads off, to a swinging measure, with an amusing "Sea Wooing." Another favourite, knocking at many hearts, will be the wistful "R.N.V.R.":

"We have gone back to book and pen,
We buy and sell, we plough the land,
We teach, and preach to other men—
These are the things we understand;
Yet, once—can you remember too?
We sailed the seven seas with you."

The poem "Riverside" will find echoes in even more hearts, for it is a vivid picture of what any Government clerk in any London office during any lunch hour may feel—though not express with this felicity:

"If I should heed the sea-gull's call
And cross the whirlpool of Whitehall,
To hang above the Embankment wall,
I'll see the River, brown and wide,
Brimmed with the full stream of the tide,
Lapping against the city's side,
And smell the smells of all the seas,
And feel the little salty breeze
That shakes the spindly, street-side trees;
And so go back—if rather late—
To where we make and circulate
The paper wheels that drive the State."

For neatness and economy of workmanship, combined with the happiest *flair* for words, that would be hard to beat. Miss Mary Campion illustrates the verses with charming black and white drawings.

Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis. (Cape, 7s. 6d.)

IN *Dodsworth* Mr. Sinclair Lewis has shown us what the travelling American thinks of Europe, and what Europe thinks of the travelling American. So that the dice may not be unfairly loaded against his country, he has taken as his chief American traveller one Dodsworth, a prosperous motor manufacturer, who represents the best American type and goes to London, to Paris, to Berlin, to Venice. He is more intelligent than the famous Babbitt, better educated, less talkative and mercifully less slangy and facetious; one is, in fact, very glad that it is he, and not Mr. Babbitt, who comes to see Europe. Babbitt casting his myopic eyes upon Notre Dame, "telling the world" what he thought of Santa Maria della Salute, or trying to convert Europe to the use of electric cigar lighters in the bathroom, would have been more than flesh could stand. Dodsworth one soon comes to like; so much so, in fact, that one finds it impossible to understand how he can go on loving his clever, nagging, cruel wife. His gradual emancipation from this monster of catty selfishness and his final casting-off of her shackles are as gratifying as they are interesting. Dodsworth is a type, and yet a character; he is one of Mr. Lewis's most lifelike creations. What amount of honour the prophet Lewis gets in his own country we do not know; if his country visits upon him "the rage of Caliban seeing himself in the glass," it is not surprising, for Mr. Lewis is certainly merciless to America. Americanisation is defined here as "a theological belief that it is more important to have your purchases tidily rung up on a cash-register than to purchase what you want." There is truth in this and it hits home; but would not some of Mr. Lewis's other criticisms of America apply equally well in Europe? One of his Americans—a journalist—reaches home from Europe full of important news about Fascism, Poland and Russian oil, and finds his acquaintances interested only in the fact that the lady who writes the Fashion Notes is going to marry the Religious Editor, or in the new jazz band at the local café, or the rise in the price of newspapers. Here, one suggests, Mr. Lewis is castigating a form of folly which is not exclusively American, but international and ageless.

The Bells of Shoreditch, by Ethel Sidgwick. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 7s. 6d.)

IN this thoughtful book, full of life and graciously well written, if not with much claim to be regarded as a story, Miss Sidgwick has more to tell us of various members of that delightful Sheriff family whom many of us met in "Laura." Auburn, the medical student daughter, is the particular focus of interest, and the "super-house" in Bloomsbury which she helped to run for the benefit of a small and mixed community plays an important part. This is one of those books which are rather like a sudden introduction to a large party of people who already know each other well. It has a slightly bewildering effect; one wonders exactly who the others are and how they got there, but before the end, in this case, one has made many new friends and met many old ones, and finds the experience altogether very well worth while.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD PARLIAMENTARIAN, by T. P. O'Connor. (Benn 42s., two vols.); THE ORDEAL OF THIS GENERATION, by Gilbert Murray. (Allen and Unwin, 4s. 6d.); A CANADIAN PANORAMA, by Yvonne Fitzroy. (Methuen, 10s. 6d.); FICTION.—SIX MRS. GREENES, by Lorna Rea. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.); Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis. (Cape, 7s. 6d.)



GIVEN the opportunity and the means, it is interesting to speculate how one might scheme and carry out a place where the young children of a household could live under the very best conditions—a place admirably suited for play, for work, for eating and sleeping, for days indoors and days in the open air. It was just these considerations which influenced the Hon. Henry and Mrs. Mond in planning a country home for their three small children. Ultimately it was decided that the needs could be met far better by a building specially designed for the purpose than could ever be attained in the big house where Lord Melchett resides. So it was settled that the children's own house should be quite separate and apart. We find it, therefore, nestling beside a spinney in the grounds of Melchet Court. The site is a charming one, high up, airy, sheltered from the north, and having a sunny outlook over a glorious expanse of country.

Messrs. Darcy Braddell and Humphry Deane were commissioned to design the building, but not everything was settled from the beginning. As a matter of fact, the idea was first of all for a very modest structure in the nature of a summer shack; then, as the sketch plans took form, the idea got bigger, until eventually it became what we see, quite a good-sized bungalow. And even when this had been built a further scheme was embarked upon, when it was decided to utilise the roof

space. This latter, however, offered a problem. There had been no notion of forming rooms in the roof, and no means of access was possible inside. The only solution was to build an outside staircase, which staircase is entered under cover, as can be seen in the view of the north front on page 419.

In working out the plan the architects adopted a type which has come to be generally known as the "sun-trap" type, that is to say, with spreading wings which gain the greatest benefit from sunlight streaming into the rooms. The



GENERAL VIEW FROM THE PADDLING POOL.



FROM THE SOUTH.



PLAYROOM, LOOKING WEST.

treatment of the elevations grew naturally from this disposition, and an exceedingly pleasant little building is the result. It was intended to be inconspicuous, and it achieves that object completely; and incidentally it shows that in capable hands a bungalow can be made as delightful architecturally as a house of two or more storeys.

The walling is of brickwork which has been plastered and limewashed, and the roof is formed of glazed pantiles, for the most part green in tone, but interspersed with russet variegations. In summertime this roof merges into the green of the spinney behind it, and even in winter, when the trees are bare, it is not at all assertive. Its colour gives an air of gaiety to the little building, and colour plays a goodly part elsewhere, inside and out. The door and window frames are all a soft but lively blue, and to complete the picture there is the green of a little sunk garden, with the cheery red brickwork of the dwarf drum wall that encloses it on the outward side.

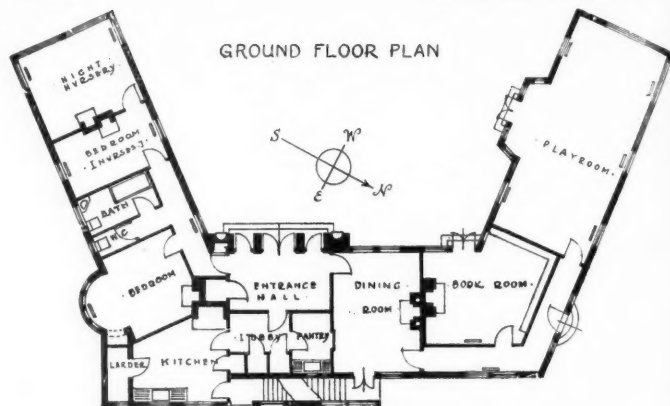
The space around this little garden is broad paved with stone flags, and in the midst of the grass plat is an astrolabe (one that really works) with the names of the three children—Derek, Julian and Karis—cut in good lettering on its pedestal.

The prospect southwards is very pleasant. Originally the foreground was a bare field, but through it a wide footway has been made, leading down to a circular pool in the hollow below; this pool, lined with blue tiles, being a happy place for paddling on summer days.

But let us return to the house and go inside. Passing through the central hall, we come to the children's dining-room, but we need not linger here except to note the general air of cheeriness which it conveys. It is the playroom beyond that claims our chief attention. The two illustrations on this page give a good idea of its form and arrangement, but necessarily they lack the colour which constitutes so much of its charm. Only in the room

itself, too, can one appreciate its airiness. The room is abundantly lighted, there being tall casement windows on either side, while at the west end are two large "Esavian" windows, which can be folded back so as to leave the entire space open. Nothing could be better from an hygienic point of view; indeed, this all-important consideration of hygiene and well-being has been the dominant idea in the whole conception of the bungalow. Everything that could be done has been done to achieve this end. The playroom, moreover, is equally well adapted to chilly days when windows cannot be thrown open, for there are five radiators in it, and admirable means of ventilation.

The room gains its height by being extended into the roof space, and the two trusses are each strong enough to hold a swing. The floor is entirely covered with cork carpet, and there are three large rugs with intriguing nursery decorations on



THE OTHER END OF THE PLAYROOM.

them. with W coloured of the cupboard toys. The oak—more and exact children. horses, a other toy things, a good taste to be con the eye careful tr should ab ful things and a scot tion. It lighting Three pe galleys, the wals the pro lantern One of forgotten down from the play the world graph on Rea little lio tucked in the dining hall to the This is the feature is southern windows open, and arrange the skir in the ou gilles and weighted any extent means of with the f in the ce point). The co the walls, is far more actually is it is an a stars, nam and the m moon are covered w parchment up at night Behind the moves an at will, we one in any be more fa lights, but on occasion ments am night nur clamour fo wants it to This k bathroom, kitchen, wh has been manner. N is a little light plant we find ty containing is most in owner on t The la space provi box-room a the needs o in this self at Melhet of a very o the childre them can l most health

them. The walls are wainscoted with Western hemlock and cream coloured above. At the inner end of the room is a range of play cupboards, with shelves on top for toys. The furniture is all in weathered oak—modern pieces of good design and exactly suited to the needs of children. Round about we see rocking horses, a wonderful boat on rockers, and other toys, large and small. All these things, as well as the pictures, are in good taste, and this is a point especially to be commented upon. In a nursery the eye and the mind need as much careful training as the body. Children should always be associated with beautiful things. There are no ugly toys here, and a score of objects excite the imagination. It was a pleasant fancy to make lighting fittings out of old-time ships. Three pendants, in the form of Norse galleys, hang from the ceiling, and on the walls are bracket lights formed by the prows of galleons, each with a lantern hanging from its bowsprit. One other item which must not be forgotten is a roller screen which pulls down from the ceiling and hooks on to the play cupboards. On this screen the wonders of a miniature cinematograph can be displayed.

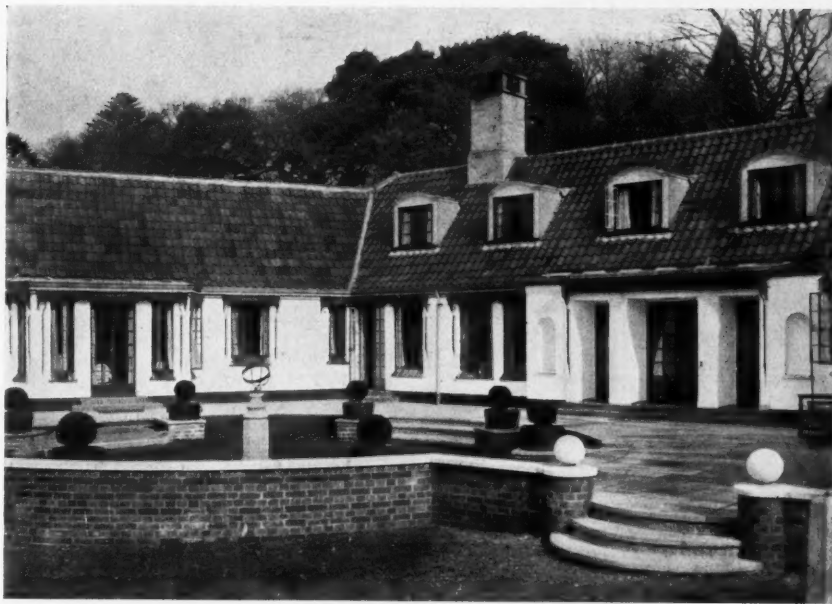
Repeating our steps and passing a little library or book-room, which is tucked in between the playroom and the dining-room, we cross the entrance hall to the other wing of the bungalow. This is the bedroom wing, and its chief feature is the night nursery at the southern end. Here again we find windows that can be thrown fully open, and there is also an ingenious arrangement for letting air in below the skirting (long openings being formed in the outer walls, covered by metal grilles and gauze, and having counter-weighted flaps which can be opened to any extent, thus providing an admirable means of ventilation in conjunction with the fireplace and a large opening in the ceiling, treated as a compass point).

The ceiling is quite a wonder. Like the walls, it is coloured blue, but there is far more than colour here. The ceiling actually is formed of plywood, and on it is an accurate representation of the stars, named in their constellations; and the moon, too. The stars and the moon are formed by cut-out openings, covered with thick tracing paper and parchment, and they can be lighted up at night by concealed electric lamps. Behind the moon is a little motor which moves an unseen wooden disc. Thus, at will, we may have a full moon or one in any stage of eclipse. What could be more fanciful? The stars are fixed lights, but I understand that the moon on occasion gives rise to heated arguments among the occupants of this night nursery, for one member may clamour for a half-moon, while another wants it to be a thin crescent.

This bedroom wing has its own bathroom, and at the back of it is the kitchen, where, as elsewhere, everything has been done in the best possible manner. Near by, behind the building, is a little structure where an electric light plant is installed, and beside this we find two miniature garages, each containing its tricycle and having (what is most important) the name of its owner on the outside of the door.

The later utilisation of the roof space provided four staff bedrooms, a box-room and a bathroom. Thus have the needs of all been catered for, and in this self-contained nursery bungalow at Melbet Court we have an example of a very complete little colony where the children and those who look after them can live under the happiest and most healthful conditions.

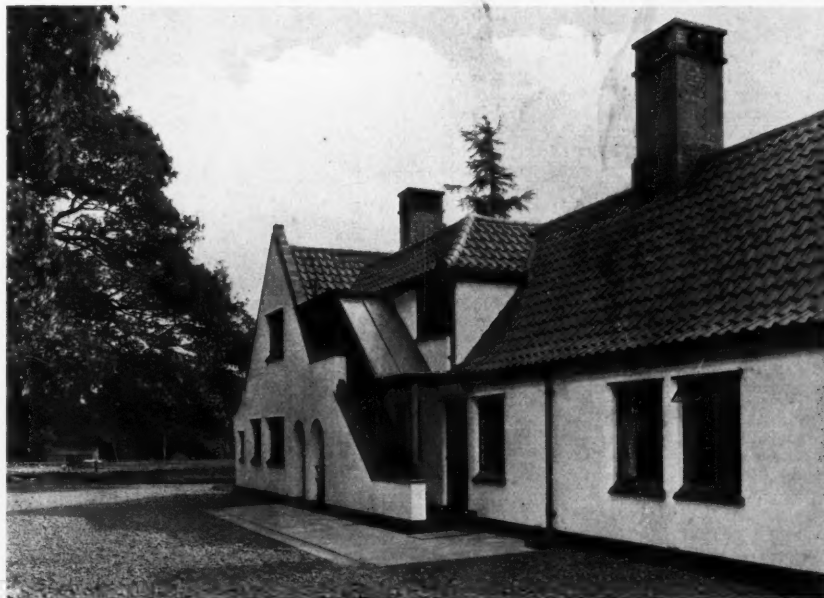
RANDAL PHILLIPS.



DETAIL VIEW SHOWING SUNK GARDEN.



NIGHT NURSERY.



NORTH FRONT.

CORRESPONDENCE

FILLING STATIONS.

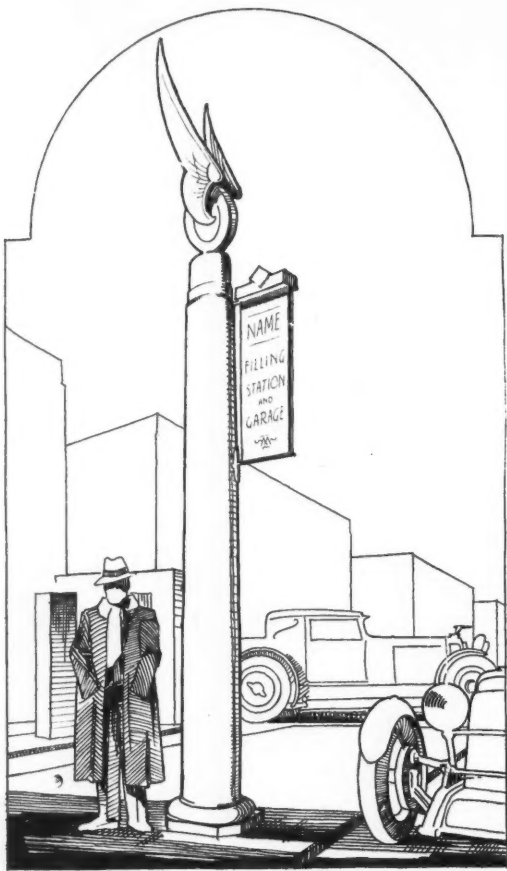
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I think the Liverpool School of Architecture may claim to have solved the problem of the filling station: that is to say, it has found a solution by means of which all the hideous advertisements with which these structures are placarded would be voluntarily discarded in return for a standard sign which the local authorities would allow to overhang the public way. If such a sign, illuminated at night, once became recognised as the official indication of a filling station, no garage could afford to be without it, and, having accepted it, could be compelled to make that its only advertisement. Not long ago Colonel J. J. Shute, a benefactor of the School, offered some prizes in a competition for this standard sign, and one or two very good designs resulted. I am sending you that of the winner, Mr.

to the class of those which seem rather to apologise for their existence. It consists of a shelter, not unlike a lych-gate in appearance, resting on four brick piers which support a pleasant pantiled roof with heavy overhanging eaves. The composition in itself is delightful, in no way harming its beautiful setting; but it is used to cover a multitude of sins. Take the shelter away and the pumps would be horrible as ever. Still, much better so than

exposed in all their nakedness.

The second photograph is of a filling station at Cheltenham, which stands at an important road junction on the western edge of the town. Although one may not feel it to be by any means the ideal solution of the problem, it shows some respect for its eminently respectable surroundings. Here the pumps are frankly exposed, but some care has been taken over their design, and they are certainly far more sightly than those trying to hide their blushes in the other photograph. The building itself, in the form of a hexagon, is, perhaps, too suggestive of a band-stand; but the arrangement of the pumps, which are placed at the angles as if they were pillars supporting the overhanging roof, is at least neat and orderly. One wonders why it was necessary to make the smaller oil pumps look like children's toys. With their black and white stripes they are much more obtrusive than the petrol pumps. The lay-out on an island site shows good planning, and when the shrubs planted on the surrounding plots have grown to some size the general effect will not be unpleasant.—CLIVE LAMBERT.



A SUGGESTED STANDARD SIGN.

Gordon Stephenson, which you might like to publish in your paper. I think the idea of a winged wheel would hold the imagination, and everyone would recognise it as suitable. The concrete post could have its top and base painted a different colour in each county, but the shape would remain the same. One would recognise such a sign a long way off at whatever speed one was going. I really think this is a great idea and to the credit of the Liverpool School of Architecture. If you could promulgate it with your blessing, I think that within a year or two, at most, the worst blemishes on the countryside would have disappeared.—C. H. REILLY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is good to find that something is at last being done to improve the designs and appearances of filling stations. The illustrations you publish in your article this week show that, at any rate, on the new Kingston by-pass, there has been a definite attempt to respect the feelings of those who love the countryside, in the unobtrusive designs of the new filling stations which have been erected. But there are other examples to be found scattered here and there which show similar efforts in the right direction. The accompanying photographs are of two stations, one of which is in the country and the other in a town. That at Popham Lane, near Winchester, belongs



A COUNTRY FILLING STATION, AT POPHAM LANE, NEAR WINCHESTER.

glades in Montgomeryshire and Denbighshire, a grey squirrel is found." He then proceeds to give the exact localities and a detailed description of the animal, and adds, "this description precisely answers to that of the Petit Gris." He also says: "I have also seen a very fine stuffed specimen of the Welsh grey squirrel in the possession of a gentleman residing in Chester; it was shot near Llandisilio Hall, Denbighshire, in October, 1828." I should be pleased to submit the full quotation to your correspondent should he care to have it.—GEORGE MARSHALL.

AGRICULTURE IN AUSTRALIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was much interested in seeing the article in COUNTRY LIFE a few weeks ago on agricultural conditions in Australia by Sir John Russell. There is an interesting form of haulage which is rapidly dying out even in the back blocks of Australia. This is a 12-ton wagon drawn by a team of twenty-four horses. In a part of the interior of Queensland which is called the Desert Country (from the absence of surface water except in the rain), although it is almost entirely covered with scrub, the handling of such a team was no mean feat, where there were but few tracks and no roads to withstand the conditions and the weight of the load. The leaders and the shaft horses were always well trained, and the team was usually guided by means of a stock whip.—C.

'SBREATHED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder whether many of your readers indulge in a form of sport very popular in my family, which, for lack of a better name, might be called "Word Hunting." An instance of our quarry and its pursuit has occurred lately. Ever since we were children we have been in the habit of referring to what most people call "chapped hands" as "sbreathed" ones. A little while ago someone cast doubt on our correctness in using such an odd expression, and soon the hounds were out and in full cry through every available dictionary and book on dialect. Unfortunately, we drew blank;

RED AND GREY SQUIRRELS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It may interest your correspondent, Mr. A. D. Middleton, to know that there is an article on the grey squirrel in the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, Lond., 1830, 8vo, pages 351-353, the writer of which says: "I believe that the grey squirrel, known to naturalists as the *Sciurus Cinereus* of Linnaeus and the *Petit Gris* of M. Buffon, has not been classed an inhabitant of this country, yet, in some retired



FILLING STATION IN A TOWN, LANSDOWN ROAD, CHELTENHAM.

but I mentioned the word to Miss Claire Gaudet the other day and she has now run it to earth. It seems that by a common transmutation we had arrived at our pronunciation of a word which is really "s-breathed." A very ancient authority, Miss Gaudet tells me, gives it as meaning "God's breath has breathed upon it." Apparently in Puritan times, when it became wicked to talk about God, the first word was dropped and the possessive 's' alone retained, and a bitter wind does chafe the skin and so becomes poetically "God's breath." My family came across the word in the West—Monmouthshire, Gloucestershire or Wiltshire. I wonder whether any of your readers have met it in other parts?—WHIP.

FRIENDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—This small child and this lamb were inseparable playmates, and although the lamb has



THE PAINS OF LOVE.

in my photograph an expression of patient boredom, I feel convinced that it secretly enjoyed these affectionate attentions.—C. G. BRISTOW.

HEATH FIRES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This photograph gives a good idea of some of the heath fires we have had so many of lately. This particular one, on Lugshot Common and on The Land of Nod, near Headley, was literally allowed to develop by the village onlookers, and offshoots of the fire, which could easily have been put out by one man, gradually crept on until they got too big and fierce to control. It seems a great pity that villages which have heaths in the neighbourhood do not have organised heath fire brigades. It is true that it might be difficult to get them together on the particular day, but some of them might be, which would help.—STEPHEN RENSHAW.



THE GREAT TITHE-BARN AT ABBOTSBURY.

TITHE - BARN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was deeply interested in your article on tithe-barns. The illustrations are wonderful and undoubtedly give that unmistakable feeling of immense size which is, to my mind, the dominant impression when first beholding the actual building. It is true that some tithe-barns earn distinction because of architectural features which class them far above ordinary farm buildings (such as that of Bradford-on-Avon), but mainly, I think, it is the size which impresses. I well remember my astonishment, not unmixed with awe, upon first seeing the great barn at Abbotsbury, Dorset. As your contributor remarks, it was, in its entirety, one of the finest known examples in Britain, but I do not think he is quite accurate when he says, "Where stone tithe-barns have fallen out of use they have remained in ruins, like the great barn at Abbotsbury." Really, as will be seen from my photograph, this particular survival is a well preserved half specimen. This is cared for and is in use, while the other half has long been a mass of ruins; these are just discernible on the right of my illustration. This barn was certainly monastic in its origin and survives as almost the last relic of a Benedictine abbey which was situated among the trees below. Sir Frederick Treves, in his *Highways and Byways of Dorset*, says that "Its gable ends and its pinnacles show that he who raised it aloft was the architect, not of farm buildings, but of abbey chapels." There is, on the northern side of the barn, "A noble arched gateway fit for a palace entry, through which a wagon piled high with tottering sheaves could pass, with space to spare." Long may this monkish granary withstand the ravages of time, even though it is but half its former self.—D. ARNOLD SWAINE.



THE LAND OF NOD IN FLAMES.

AN ANCIENT IRISH FONT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Undoubtedly the earliest type of font, or Tobarbaistidh, used by the Gaels and probably other Christians was portable, like the specimen now illustrated: for it must not be forgotten that the Caldees were essentially pioneers and missionaries in wild, inhospitable and sparsely populated regions. Footsore and weary, they traversed miles along the mountain sheep tracks, exposed to winter's storms, with little chance of shelter. The portable font illustrated was dragged up in a net by fishermen off Innis Clothraun, Lough Ree, Ireland (now known as Quaker's Isle, from a more modern resident). An abbey was founded there as early as 540 A.D., and the remains of seven ecclesiastical buildings have been discovered. Probably this most interesting relic was cast into the lough when a Danish fleet, under Turgesius, plundered all Christian buildings about 840 A.D. It was purchased from the finders by that deservedly famous historical antiquary, the Rev. George Thomas Stokes, D.D., who was born at Athlone in 1843



THE FONT, SHOWING HORSE AND SPIRAL.

Ultimately it passed into the possession of his sister, who was postmistress there, who in turn presented it to a friend of the writer, from whom it was obtained by its present owner. The precise dimensions are as follows: Outside diameter at top, 8 ins.; inside diameter at top, 6½ ins.; depth of basin, 3½ ins.; height, 6 ins.; across the lugs (which project 1 in. and are 1½ ins. thick), 11 ins. It is carved out of sandstone, and resembles the old-fashioned mortar. On one side a quaint representation of Noah's Ark appears, with dove and olive branch: indeed, but for the bird and branch, one would scarcely recognise it as a boat. On the other side of the basin is a horse, for the ears are not long enough for the ass more frequently associated with Christian records. A spiral is also noticeable, similar to pre-Christian markings at New Grange, near Drogheda, a design distinct from the beautifully entwined circles of Celtic art, and symbolical of infinity, having no beginning and no end.—ALEXANDER MACDOUGALL.

MODERN DECORATION AND FURNISHING



1.—A MODERN SCHEME OF NEW FURNITURE WITH PERIOD DECORATION.

R. W. Symonds and Robert Lutyens.

DECORATING and furnishing the home has always needed thought. The mediæval baron's wife and the Elizabethan lady no doubt pondered long over ordering a fresh wagon-load of rushes or the choice of a new piece of arras. But soon after that furnishing

began to get complicated and, anyhow in the greater houses, the co-operation of firms, if not of actual architects, must have been sought by the owners. And it was always something fresh, something "modern," that was required. Yet there was no such thing as modernism in past ages, because each designer had been modern in his day and centuries of gradual evolution had constituted a tradition, a momentum which kept the trend of design along

the same trajectory of good taste. Technique, requirements, manners, might alter. But the underlying harmonies of form remained constant. The proportions of furniture to people and of house to environment changed little, and the same veneration of classic design kept craftsmen steady from Elizabeth's

to Victoria's reign.

But what of the present? Our own position has no parallel in the history of this country. Due to a variety of causes, inspiration began declining and taste decaying about a century ago. An attempt to correct this led to a worship of old things, and no one wanted anything new if an antique could be had; when the antique was unobtainable, a careful reproduction was the next best and right thing to get, with the remarkable



2.—A MODERN DINING ROOM, BY WARING AND GILLOW.

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result that this country for a number of years possessed no modern furniture except a very small amount worthy of consideration as such, of which the majority never heard nor saw.

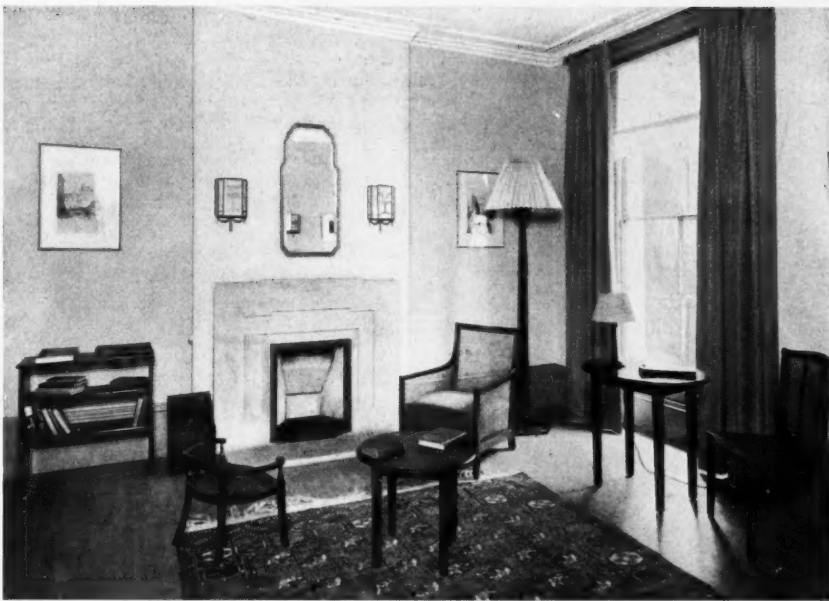
At last, however, this state of affairs is passing away, some believe rapidly, and the designer and craftsman is again employed upon genuine creative work. But, in the absence of that living tradition which supported men in former times, the modern artist has a much more difficult task. This is a period of transition. The best and most enlightened body of thought now demands its own means of expression, realising at last that the ideals of, say, 1729 have no relation whatever to those of 1929, and that the more recent past of the nineteenth century has, especially in London and the large cities, left us an awkward legacy of well built but very ugly houses. It is this nondescript domestic architecture that often adds to the difficulties of architect or decorator when devising schemes of decoration and furniture for rooms still retaining the fearsome features of the Victorian age.

Modern taste demands that all this must be swept away. Plain wall surfaces are needed, to be finished preferably with paint. The fireplace is generally quite impossible and is replaced by a simple surround and interior, often without a shelf. It may be necessary to modify the cornice and to remove the ceiling rose. The doors may be inoffensive when suitably painted, but it is often more successful to face them with a flush plywood surface and add an architrave of modern type. A Victorian room as recast by Mr. Cyril Farey, F.R.I.B.A., is shown in Fig. 3. Without any attempt at reproducing an old style, the room becomes fresh and inviting, and by reason of the sash windows, cornice, etc., it retains what was worth preserving of the old. In this simple setting the modern mahogany furniture finds a happy environment.

It is fairly apparent that, having removed objectionable features, a new scheme of furnishing will not present any very serious obstacles to those possessed of skill and some imagination, for it practically amounts to a fresh start; and having the furniture in mind, the background can be schemed to suit it. But the circumstances cannot always be reduced to such a simple proposition.

It is the period room that requires far more thought in regard to its furnishing. Such rooms, genuine survivals of their age, or reproductions of recent years, exist in a great number of houses, and hitherto there has been only one approach to their equipment, *viz.*, to fill them with antiques. At first it was considered improper to introduce anything not of the actual period, *e.g.*, a panelled room painted William and Mary green must have nothing but walnut or lacquer furniture dating from that reign; but latterly this rule broke down, the museo-specimen atmosphere gave way to a more lived-in air obtained by the tasteful mixing of pieces of more than one period, and gradually the good reproduction was admitted as certain old pieces became very scarce.

But beyond this no one dared or wished to go. To-day, however, several clever designers have pointed the way with considerable success. The rooms in many cases are good in themselves and can still serve as excellent backgrounds; but can really modern furniture be placed in them and appear to take its place as rationally and fittingly as the old pieces did? Can the old and the new be blended together? The answer is, yes; and upon reflection it will be realised that this precise operation must have taken place repeatedly in the past. Many a Caroline or Queen Anne dining-room must have been refurnished with



3.—A VICTORIAN ROOM RE-CAST BY CYRIL FAREY.



4.—WALNUT WRITING TABLE AND CHAIRS.
R. W. Symonds and Robert Lutyens.



5.—A DINING-ROOM WITH WALLS PAINTED BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON.
Furniture designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens.

mahogany of Chippendale's or Sheraton's time, and doubtless, with every satisfaction to the owner. As already mentioned, it is more difficult to do this to-day, for a living tradition no longer exists to guide our steps; but that the accomplished designer is, nevertheless, equal to the task will, I think, be admitted by referring to Fig. 1, showing a panelled room in the period of about 1700, furnished with modern pieces in fine veneers of pale walnut and upholstered chairs of simple form. It is the work of Messrs. R. W. Symonds and Robert Lutyens, and was carried out in this way partly with the direct intention of demonstrating the possibilities of placing modern furniture in a period setting. The walls are painted a pale apricot shade, with biscuit-coloured satin curtains and a very pale beige Wilton carpet. Against this the blue of the lapis

lazuli console tables and the blue in the Samarkand rugs offers a very pleasing contrast. Moreover, this setting is excellent for the pale walnut of china cabinet and bureau. It is a delightful *ensemble*, and should do much to stimulate this modern yet, after all, very common-sense approach to furnishing. The keynote lies in a carefully thought out colour scheme combined with furniture of simple refined lines, and of proportions exactly adjusted to the room and the wall space it will occupy.

Some architects and nearly all the great furniture shops (first among them Messrs. Heal and Messrs. Waring and Gillow) have grasped the idea underlying modern interior design; and with wider public support the movement will soon develop into a vigorous tradition.

JOHN C. ROGERS.

THE ESTATE MARKET ELECTION INFLUENCES

ARRANGEMENTS for holding certain long-promised auctions are being expedited in view of the coming General Election; but there is no reason to suppose that, either before, during or after the Election, the even tenor of the way of the market will be disturbed to any appreciable extent. Property finds, in its stability and freedom from transitory disturbances, one of its chief merits, and, in the last few years, there have been things beside which a normal event in political life is a negligible factor.

SPORTING AND OTHER PROPERTY.

AMONG properties which are to come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are: Shadwell Court, Thetford, a well known Norfolk seat of 4,700 acres, with the mansion house, six bloodstock farms, private residences, and five miles of river and lake fishing, for the executors of the late John Musker; Thurland Castle, North Lancashire, 843 acres, with a grouse moor and sheep farm of 1,656 acres, for the trustees of the late Colonel E. B. Lees, including the moated castle, five farms, and four miles of salmon and trout fishing; Heacham Hall, Norfolk, between Sandringham and the coast, 1,850 acres, the mansion, farms, residences, and a lake of 4 acres; and Sibdon Castle, Shropshire, 600 acres, including the seventeenth century castle. The firm will submit No. 80, Portland Place for Admiral Earl Jellicoe; No. 5, Upper Berkeley Street, on the Portman estate; and other investments.

SITES AT HASLEMERE.

MISS BLAIR OLIPHANT has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer Blackdown Cottage, Haslemere, 200 acres, adjoining Blackdown Common, a residence 600ft. above sea level, with gardens, stabling, garage and cottage, a dairy farm, and woodland and open sites.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. V. Ramsden, D.S.O., has sold Rogerthorpe Manor, Pontefract, which was to have been offered by auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley before the auction.

Particulars of Wickham Hall, Kent, have been issued by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who are to offer the property at Hanover Square on April 9th. Wickham Hall is close to the station, whence London may be reached by electric trains in about twenty-seven minutes. It is eminently suitable for private occupation or a school. The property extends in all to some 12½ acres, and is ripe for immediate development.

General and Mrs. Grenfell have asked Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to sell Porch Farm, an outlying portion of Beenham, near Newbury. The firm is also to offer Dane View, a property at Holmes Chapel, near Middlewich.

HORSLEY HALL.

HORSLEY HALL, overlooking the valley of the Dee, with 1,600 acres, is to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley; or the house, part of which dates from the sixteenth century, may be acquired with the gardens only. There is a golf course in the park. The estate, seven miles from Chester, includes a number of dairy farms and cottages.

On April 18th Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will sell, at Hanover Square, Landthorne Hatch, Seale, an old-fashioned residence, just south of the Hog's Back, with 7 acres. The firm is to sell Heigholme,

Walton-on-the-Hill, on the instructions of Sir Westcott Abell, K.B.E.

GROUSE MOORS IN YORKSHIRE.

COLONEL THE HON. GUY WILSON has directed Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. to dispose of Arkendale, 22,000 acres of the finest grouse shooting in England. In 1927 the bag was 5,688 brace. Offers for sections of the estate would be considered. It includes the manors of Arkengarthdale, New-Forest and Hope, together with the Hurst and Fell-End estates in the North Riding. The grouse moors amount to about 18,000 acres, and there are many miles of trout fishing. The enclosed lands of the manor of Arkengarth, New-Forest and Hope extend to 3,402 acres, of which 3,000 acres are the absolute property of the lord of the manor. The sporting rights extend over the whole of the 22,000 acres.

Whilton Lodge, 262 acres, near Long Buckby, has been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Mr. H. W. Whitton. The estate comprises the residence, built of stone about 1869 in the Tudor style, surrounded by a park and pleasure grounds, with Whilton Mill Farm, the whole freehold, in the parishes of Whilton and Long Buckby in the best part of the Pytchley country and within easy reach of the Grafton and other packs. Hunting may be had six days a week. Rugby polo ground is within easy reach, and the golf links at Chapel Brampton are seven miles off.

ROLLRIGHT STONES SOLD.

THE sale is announced by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock of the freehold manorial property known as Little Rollright Manor, extending to 618 acres, which they submitted to auction at Banbury on February 7th, 1929. The property was sold in one lot, under instructions from the mortgagees. The famous prehistoric stones are scheduled as an Ancient Monument. The firm has sold Little Coxwell House, Faringdon, between Oxford and Cirencester. The property consists of an old-fashioned house and 10 acres.

Cruckton, near Shrewsbury, about 2,000 acres, has, with the exception of Cruckton Hall, which has been retained by Mrs. Taylor for her own occupation, been purchased by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock on behalf of clients, Messrs. Hall, Wateridge and Owen representing the vendors. It comprises farms within three or four miles of Shrewsbury, small holdings, and property at Hanwood, Cruckmeole and Arscott, and mineral rights. The estate, which has a rent roll of £4,000, will be offered in lots by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock and Messrs. Hall, Wateridge and Owen.

TROUTING IN THE WYLYE.

DR. CLIFFORD BROOKES has decided to sell The Manor, Fisherton de la Mere, Wiltshire, and has instructed Messrs. Hampton and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Rawlence and Squarey, to offer it by auction in June, failing a sale in the meantime. The estate, 1,700 acres, provides shooting and about a mile of dry fly fishing in the Wylye, and it includes racing stables and two gallops. The house, of moderate size, is modernised. Possession of practically the whole can be had.

At St. James's Estate Rooms, St. James's Square, on Tuesday, Messrs. Hampton and Sons were to have offered Cannon Lodge, Hampstead Heath, a well preserved "period" residence enjoying delightful views to the south, freehold, but it changed hands a week before the auction.

A PETERSFIELD PLEASANCE.

FYNING WOOD, Rogate, near Petersfield, situate in that glorious stretch of country on the borders of Sussex and Hampshire, is to be submitted to auction during May (unless sold privately) by Messrs. Norfolk and Prior. Fyning Wood stands high on a southern slope, commanding views to the South Downs. It is a well appointed house of modern construction, of moderate size, and has every convenience. In addition to garages, stabling and a cottage, there are grounds and 40 acres of undulating woodland and heath.

The name of Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward is indissolubly bound up with Stocks House, Tring. The large and well modernised house, Stocks, with 370 acres, on the southern slope of the Chiltern Hills, is for sale by Messrs. Lofts and Warner in conjunction with Messrs. W. Brown and Co. It stands 500ft. above sea level in the midst of very beautiful gardens, in a neighbourhood where shooting, hunting and golf may be enjoyed, and it is within as short a journey, in point of time, of the centre of London as many merely suburban districts.

Transactions by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff include the purchase of the Down Farm, Westonbirt, for Mr. Herbert C. Cox. It extends to 450 acres and comprises house, stabling, cottages and buildings. Mr. Cox is a Canadian with a great fondness for horses and all sports associated with them, and he spends part of each year in this country. It is his intention to develop land on the farm for polo grounds, to be used in conjunction with those already under preparation at Norton.

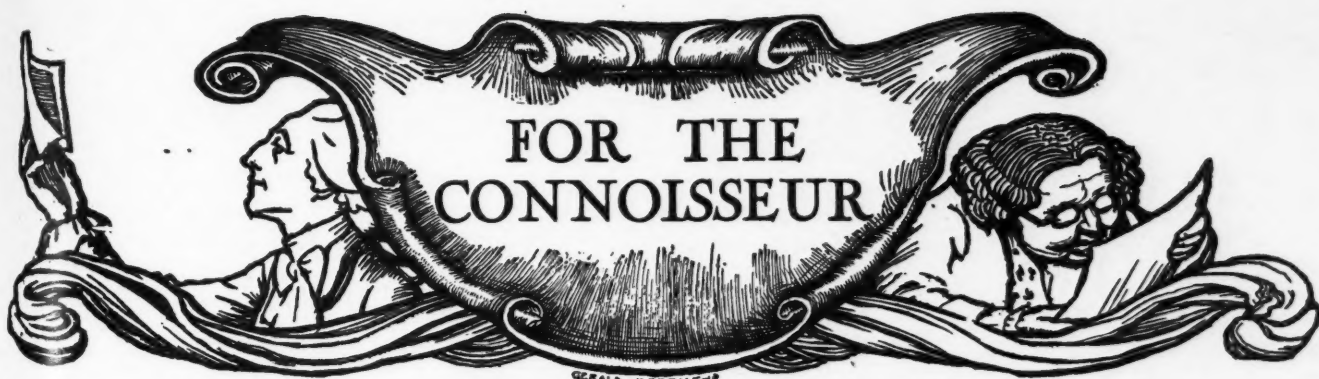
A Warwickshire sale by Messrs. Wright and Vernon to a client of Messrs. Constable and Maude is that of the Edstone Hall and Austy Manor estates, Wootton Wawen, on behalf of the trustees of the late Mr. W. J. Fieldhouse. The estates extend to 3,500 acres, and include Edstone Hall, the Dover House, Austy Manor, eleven farms, the village of Wootton Wawen, thirty cottages, four lesser residences, and 300 acres of woodlands with total rentals of £5,300 a year. The property lies in the midst of the Shakespeare district and the Forest of Arden.

WEST WYCOMBE SALE.

THE sale of the village of West Wycombe had been arranged for March 15th, but it was cancelled. The property had been divided into sixty-three lots, and Sir John Dashwood had instructed Messrs. Whatley, Hill and Co. to offer it. The Royal Society of Arts, however, resolved to purchase the property, with the object of preserving the old buildings and maintaining the character of the village. The negotiations were conducted with Mr. P. Morley Horder, acting on behalf of the Society. There is but one modern building in the village street. The Society has been able to obtain a promise from Sir John Dashwood that a large area on the outskirts of the village will not be built upon, but will be scheduled as open spaces. Of the houses in the High Street, all but fourteen are included in the sale.

Messrs. Turner Lord and Dowler inform us that among the recent transactions effected by them they have sold the leases of the following properties: 2, Upper Berkeley Street; 18, Southwick Street; 41, Gloucester Place; 3, Culross Street; 1, Norfolk Street; 117A, Sloane Street (in conjunction with Berryman and Gilkes); and 36, Ovington Street. In addition, they have negotiated the purchase of leases on behalf of clients of a number of important town houses.

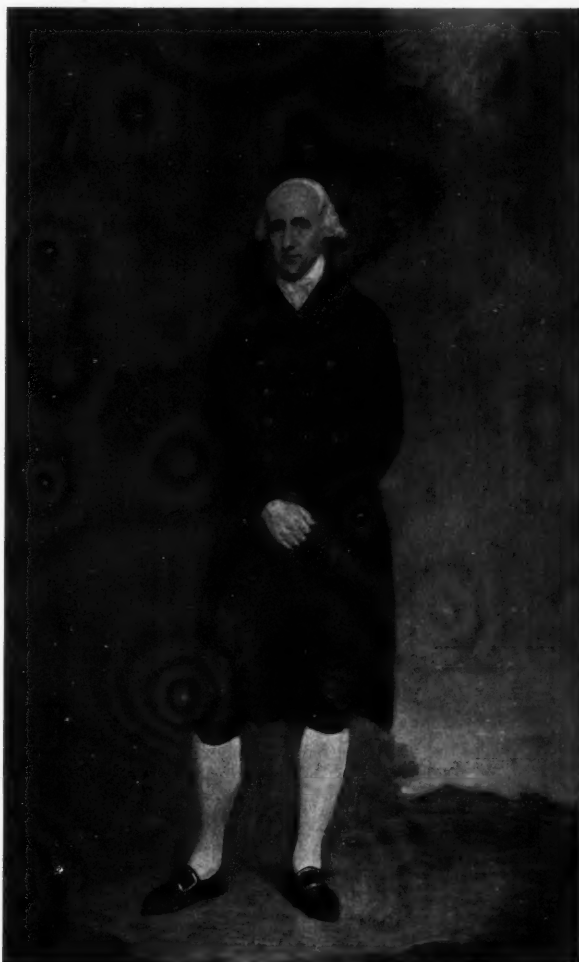
ARBITER.



FURNITURE AT THE INDIA OFFICE.—II

It was not until the eighteenth century had nearly reached its term that a final reconstruction of East India House took place. For this a design was submitted by John Soane; but in 1796 Richard Jupp, the Company's surveyor, pleaded for an opportunity of distinguishing himself, reminding the Company of his twenty-seven years of service. In 1798 a design for a new front and the sculptures in the tympanum was exhibited at the Royal Academy. It is noted in the *Architectural Society's Dictionary* that Jupp "in this instance made his design and submitted an estimate upon which he obtained advances of money, making with the tradesmen his contracts, with the receipts, he produced at the termination of the works to his client." Jupp died in April, 1799, and in the following month Henry Holland, the Whig architect who worked for the Prince of Wales at the Brighton Pavilion and at Carlton House, completed Jupp's work and added a small extension on the western side. The old building, as Sir William Foster tells us (including the General Court Room and the Directors' Court Room), was to be left practically untouched, save that the portion nearest the street was to be altered to form the western wing of the new front. The new façade was of sober classic design, centring in a portico of six Ionic columns with a pediment filled with a group of crowded figures by the sculptor Bacon, the subject, George III defending the commerce of the East.

Internally, the chief alteration was the provision of a new central corridor, a new saleroom, a large top-lighted apartment "adorned with paintings emblematic of the company's commerce." The Court Room, which remained unaltered until the demolition of 1861, is shown in a water-colour drawing by T. H. Shepherd, dating from about 1820, where the three mahogany tables are seen, arranged in the same position as to-day; while the Chairman's seat—now the Secretary of State's chair—is behind the centre table. In Knight's *London* (1843) the room is described as "splendidly ornamented by gilding and by large looking-glasses, and the effect of this and great height is much



2.—SIR WARREN HASTINGS. By George Romney.



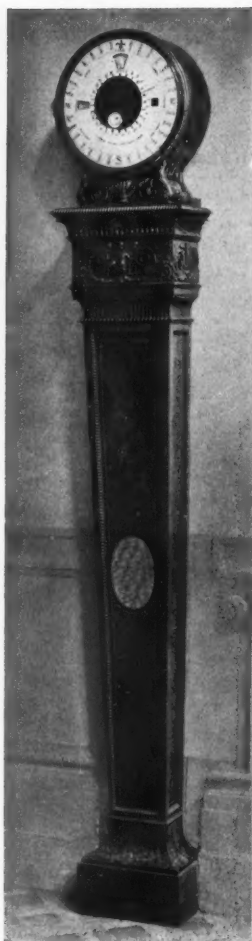
1.—CHARLES LAMB, CLERK IN THE EAST INDIA COMPANY 1792-1825. By Henry Meyer.

diminished by the position of the windows near the ceiling. . . . A fine piece of sculpture in white marble is fixed over the chimney," which is, of course, Rysbrach's bas-relief.

Henry Holland was succeeded by another distinguished architect, Samuel Pepys Cockerell, who was followed in 1824 by William Wilkins, the builder of the National Gallery.

After East India House had become the India Office (1858) it was decided that the new department should have its quarters in Whitehall, near the Foreign Office, and in the beginning of the following year the design was given to Gilbert Scott. The well known dispute over the style of the new offices is still amusing reading; and Lord Palmerston, the leader of the classical party, who said that "the Battle of the Books, the battle of the Big and Little Endians, and the battle of the Green ribbands at Constantinople were all as nothing compared with this battle of the Gothic and Palladian styles," won on points. The new building, much delayed by the battle, was completed in 1867.

The decoration of the building by paintings and statues made it a sumptuous place. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the Company was presented with two full-length portraits of Warren Hastings and Lord Cornwallis, the former a dignified full-length figure by Romney (Fig. 2). Even more interesting is the portrait of Charles Lamb, who was, for the greater part of his life, a clerk in the service of the "stately house of Merchants" which at times seemed to him but a "dreary pile, with its labyrinthine passages and light-excluding, pent-up offices where



3.—BAROMETER.
Height 83½ins. ; width 14ins. ;
depth 8ins.



4.—BOOKCASE IN ROOM 255.
Height 120ins. ; width 126½ins. ; depth 18½ins.



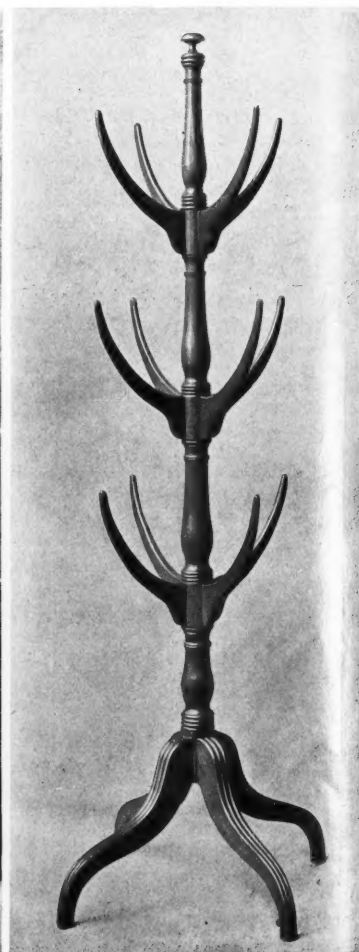
5.—LONG-CASE CLOCK.
Height 83ins. ; width 14½ins.
depth 8ins.



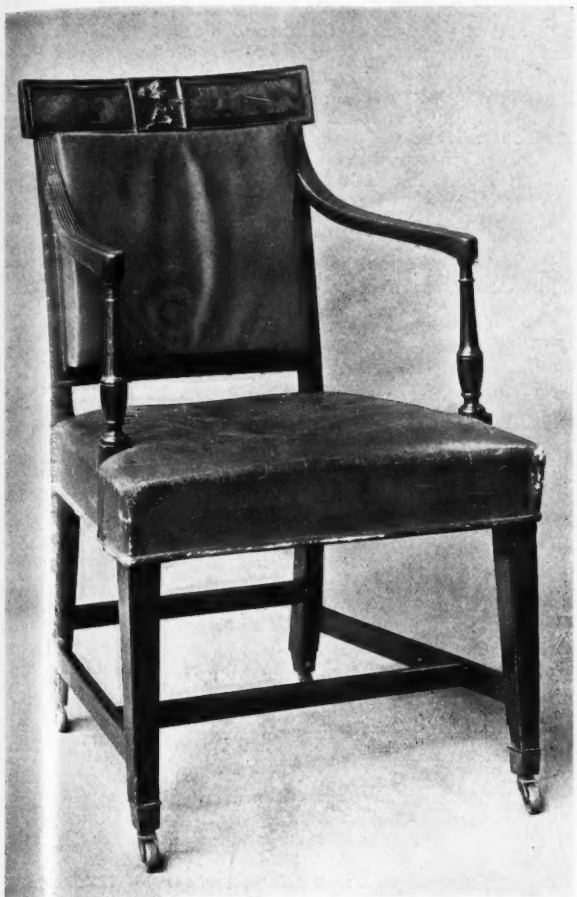
6.—HAT STAND.
Height 72½ins. ; width 18½ins.



7.—BOOKCASE IN ROOM 245.
Height 113ins. ; width 55ins. ; depth 24½ins.



8.—HAT STAND.
Height 74ins. ; width 27½ins.



9.—ARMCHAIR IN COUNCIL ROOM. *Circa 1795.*
Height 35ins.; width 22½ins.; depth 23ins.



10.—ARMCHAIR IN COUNCIL ROOM. *Early nineteenth century*
Height 37ins.; width 27½ins.; depth 23½ins.

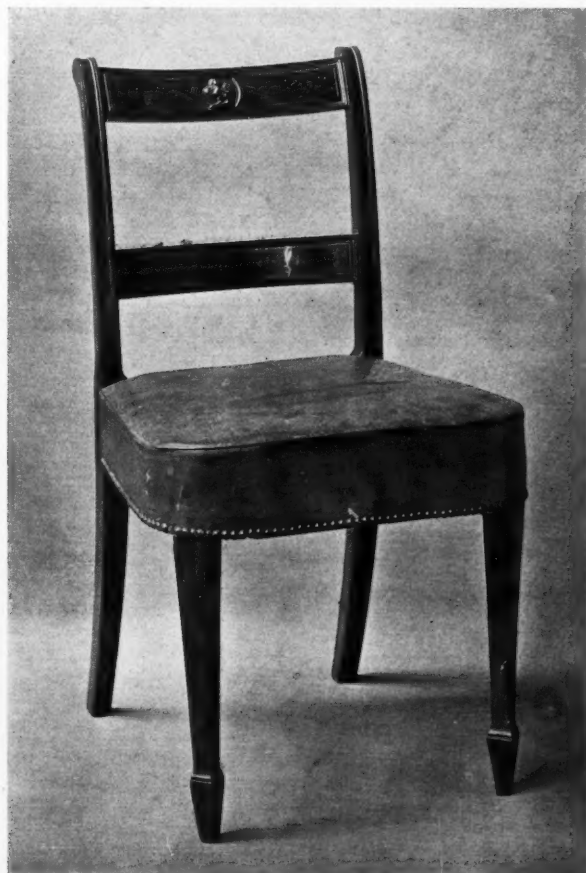
candles for one half of the day supplied the place of the sun's light." The portrait, by Henry Meyer, which hangs in the room of the Under Secretary of State, was painted in 1826, soon after Lamb's retirement, when he could say, "I have worked task-work and have the rest of the day to myself." Lamb is

seated, quill pen in hand, in an armchair, but there is no "thorn of a desk" beside him; in the background rises Jupp's classic portico (Fig. 1).

Some of the chimneypieces and much of the furniture removed from East India House date from the late years of the



11.—ARMCHAIR IN COUNCIL ROOM.
Height 33ins.; width 21½ins.; depth 21½ins.



12.—CHAIR IN ROOM 176.
Height 32½ins.; width 18½ins.; depth 19½ins.

eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. A chimneypiece of the classic revival has a tablet carved with a small variant of the subject of Rysbrach's chimney panel, Britannia receiving overseas commerce. A clock and its accompanying wind dial, mounted upon tapering pedestals, in the Finance Committee Room (Figs. 3 and 5), were made for the Company about 1770 by Ainsworth Thwaites of Rosoman Street, Clerkenwell, who made the Horse Guards' clock in 1756. The tall, slender pedestals are of mahogany veneered with thuja wood, cross-banded and inlaid with kingwood and satinwood, while the frieze is decorated with fine applied and pierced carving. The movement of the clock is contained in a brass case, with pierced side panels; and a companion movement shows the day of the week and

month and the phases of the moon. Formerly, the direction of the wind was also indicated, when a connection was made with a vane on the roof of East India House. Sir George Birdwood records the separation of this pair at the break up of the Company's establishment, the clock alone going to India House. But, years after the separation, the companion piece was purchased abroad and presented to India House. The hat stand and hat and umbrella stand (Figs. 6 and 8), and the mahogany chairs with tapered legs and back rail carved with the Company's crest (Figs. 9, 11 and 12) date from the Jupp and Holland reconstruction; while the pattern with turned ringed legs and arm-supports (Fig. 10) is probably a few years later in date and coarser in detail.

M. J.

A "NONSUCH" CHEST AND A BUFFET

THE inlaying of some oak chests of the late years of the sixteenth century with two panels, in which a building (or section of a building) with lantern-topped towers is represented, is a device common to Germany and to England; but in this country this form of decoration has taken its name from the Palace of Nonsuch in Surrey, of which there is an engraving in Braun's *Cities*, published in 1582. But there is no resemblance between Henry VIII's large building, flanked by broad towers, and the very small houses, topped with cupolas or lanterns, which appear on the front of these "Nonsuch" chests. A feature of these chests is the framing of the panels inlaid with buildings by pilaster panels, in which the *motif* is a narrow lantern-topped tower, and the presence of bandings inlaid with a bead and reel ornament. A chest illustrated in the *Age of Oak* bears the date 1592; and other examples, such as the chest in the possession of Messrs. Acton Surgey (Fig. 2), are of approximately the same date. In this chest the inlaid front is divided by the characteristic pinnacled towers into two sections, in each of which is an inlaid archway in slight relief, with projecting mouldings. Within the arch is a panel inlaid with a fanciful building terminating in steeples with vanes. The piece possessed the lifting handles which are usually found on these chests, some of which are of great size.

While the court cupboard was made both for use and display, the double-tiered open stand or buffet, which had no room for storage except in a drawer contained in the frieze, was probably restricted to great houses where there was a sufficiency of plate. The middle and upper platforms are usually carried by bulbous supports, but in a well preserved example which came originally from a Royal hunting lodge, the supports are the Tudor Royal animals, the lion and the dragon. In the buffet at Messrs. Acton Surgey's (Fig. 1) the upper platform is supported by a pair of collared and seated greyhounds. The lower supports are of cup and cover pattern, the upper part gadrooned, the lower leaf-carved. In the middle platform is a pillow frieze which is carved with strapwork, while the upper frieze is inlaid with the geometrical chequerwork which appears in fine examples in combination with carving. In the same collection is an oak cupboard of "credence" type, of which the enclosed portion, semi-octagonal in plan, is carved in the centre panel, which opens as a cupboard door. The spandrels beneath this centre panel are carved with a bird, while those beneath the other panels are carved with a leaf centring in a rosette.

Interesting early oak pieces are also a table and a cupboard divided in front into six panels, each of which is enriched with narrow vertical flutings. The centre pair of panels open as cupboard doors, and possess old strap hinges. The spandrels



1.—A CARVED AND INLAID BUFFET. Circa 1600.



2—A "NONSUCH" CHEST, LATE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

beneath the cupboard are carved with a long serrated leaf. The table, which stands upon ringed baluster legs connected by a shaped cross-piece at either extremity, is notable for the elaborate Renaissance carving upon the deep frieze, in which dolphins are repeated on either side of a vase.

A WAINSCOTED ROOM FROM KING'S LYNN.

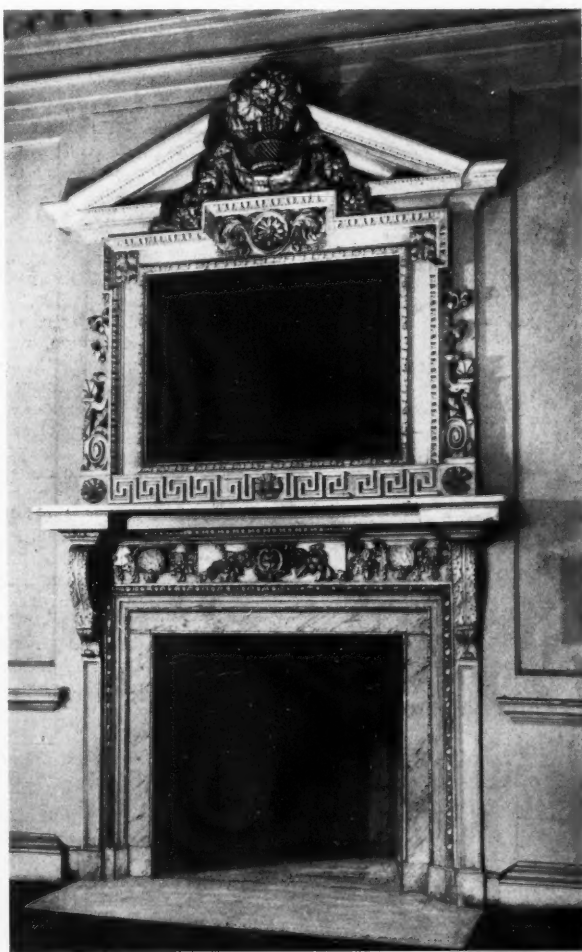
From the Elizabethan period until the changed methods introduced after the Restoration, wainscot, which was carried from the floor to the ceiling, was chiefly enriched by dividing its uniform surface by pilasters either fluted or carved. In a room from Chadwick's House, King's Lynn, now in the possession of Messrs. Acton Sursey, which dates from 1623, there is a certain unity and richness of effect which is noticeable in examples of the Late Jacobean period. The quality of this interior is what would be expected from one of the prosperous Lynn merchants, who lived in princely fashion in their fine old houses, still rich with wainscot and chimneypieces of the Tudor and Jacobean periods. Lynn had been a seaport since Saxon times, and the presence of Dutch and Flemish settlers and the visits of merchants had given the town something of the air of a prosperous old town of the Netherlands. In the town, as Defoe noted in 1725, there was the greatest "extent of inland navigation of any port in England, London excepted." Their trade to Norway and the Baltic seas "was also great in proportion, and of late years," he adds, "they have extended their trade further to Southward." The centre of interest in this panelled room is the chimney-piece, of which each stage is flanked by paired columns resting upon carved pedestals. The centre of the two composite panels of the upper stage and the pedestals of the outer pair

of columns are carved with a lion mask. On the centre pedestal is carved a wyvern. The pilasters which divide the wall surface into bays also rest upon the pedestals, but their capping is not carried round the walls as a surbase. The shaft of the pilasters is carved with a formal leafy design springing from a vertical stem, which is entirely in keeping with the flat strapwork of the chimneypiece. In higher relief is the frieze, consisting of oblong panels carved with the dragon-headed scrolls which

were a favoured *motif* in the early seventeenth century, and which, in the chimneypiece panels, repeat on either side of a shield carved with the date (1623) and a merchant's mark. In the same collection is also a fine example of the wainscot of the Palladian period of English decoration, designed for painting. Of this room the chief features are the "continued" chimney-piece and the large wall panels, with their bold egg and tongue moulding and pendants of husks. The chimneypiece (Fig. 3) is a fine two-storeyed structure, crowned by a broken pediment. A basket of flowers and acanthus foliations are set within the pediment, and the sides of this stage are flanked by carved consoles and leafy scrolls.

RECENT SALES.

At the sale of Lord Brownlow's furniture by Messrs. Christie, on March 14th, 8,000 guineas was paid for a set consisting of six chairs and a settee covered in tapestry woven by Stranoyer Bradshaw; while a set of six armchairs, painted red with gilt enrichments, belonging to Dowager Lady Nunburnholme, realised 1,100 guineas in the same sale. The sale of the Brownlow silver on the previous day amounted to £34,659. Among the most noteworthy lots were a pair of silver-gilt ewers by Simon Pantin (1713), which realised £4,200, and a pair of silver-gilt sideboard dishes (1664), for which £3,300 was paid. J. DE SERRE.



3.—A TWO-STOREYED CHIMNEYPIECE, circa 1730.

ENGLISH DOORWAYS OF THE XVIII CENTURY

THE simplicity of the fronts of English eighteenth century houses was relieved in many cases by the introduction of an entrance doorway upon which was concentrated what little ornament there was, and during this whole period a large number are found which show a freshness and individual charm. The use of wood for the doorways of stone and brick houses, which came into general use during the eighteenth century, was the cause of a new richness of treatment, due to the ease of its manipulation. The doorway was painted to protect it from weather, and the white paint, which was customary, formed a pleasant contrast with the dark green or brown painted door. The hood, supported by carved brackets, was varied in form, from the rectangular slab to a cove, fluted and treated as a shell, which was a common feature in the work of the close of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. The centre of the shell and the brackets were sometimes charmingly enriched with carving, often the sole play of fancy in the front. In the eighteenth century the pediment as a crowning feature, supported by columns or pilasters, became an established fashion. The main entrance doorway from the Port of London building (now demolished), which is of pine, is surmounted by a segmental pediment which is broken in its curvature, and the piers supporting the entablature are of the Roman Ionic order with the volutes of the capitals set diagonally. The oak door, which is set back, has eight fielded panels, and the woodwork of the doorway was thickly coated with paint. The wax finish applied to it at present is, of course, unsuited to stand weather conditions when re-erected as an external feature. In the pine doorway from Basley Lodge, Teddington, the Ionic pilasters support a fully detailed entablature with modillioned cornice.

One of the most usual methods of lighting the hall was by the fanlight above the door; and in the Early Georgian period the door was sometimes placed within an arched opening of which the tympanum becomes a fanlight, divided by few and simple bars into panes of glass. In the doorway from Ivy House, Twickenham, the door is framed in a rusticated archway which is surmounted by a pediment resting on brackets carved on the face with a fine human



1.—DOORWAY WITH SEMICIRCULAR HEAD AND PEDIMENT. EARLY GEORGIAN.

This is lettered "Ivy House" on the door itself.



2.—DOORWAY OF THE IONIC ORDER.
Late eighteenth century.

mask and acanthus leaves (Fig. 1). The woodwork is now waxed and the beauty of the pine exposed, but in its original position it was coated with so much paint that the detail of the carving was obliterated. A doorway from Bristol, with the cornice supported on richly carved brackets forming a pent to shelter the door, and crowning pediment, is an example of the rich detail to be found in that city of merchant princes. The swags of fruit and flowers applied to the frieze on either side of the fluted key block are finely carved; the pine door has eight deeply fielded panels.

These fine doors were designed as the focal point of the façade, and Isaac Ware, writing in the middle years of the eighteenth century, speaks of the centrality of the door as necessary, for when a stranger advances to a house with a door set at one side "he is shocked with a great blank in the centre where he naturally expects a door, and where no decoration is so proper." "There is a poor, confined, inhospitable look in this kind of house," he adds, "and it always looks blank and naked in the front whatever be the decoration."

Doorways with detached columns and *antæ* also appear in the eighteenth century. In an example showing the delicate classic enrichment of the school of Robert Adam, the Roman Ionic columns are detached, and support a fully detailed entablature, of which the frieze is fluted, carved with a central patera and two bucrania. The detail is beautifully rendered, and the door formed of six fielded panels (Fig. 2). This interesting series of eighteenth century doorways is in the possession of Messrs. Robersons of Knightsbridge.

In the same collection there are a number of panelled rooms of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, both simple and with carved enrichments. From Streatham Castle is a panelled room of oak of fine figure, in which the panels are fielded and surrounded by a bold bolection moulding, while interest is given to the chimney breast by applied carvings. In a pine room from Spettisbury in Dorset, which dates from the middle years of the eighteenth century, the carved details are particularly free, and the treatment of the two-storied chimneypiece, which forms a centre of the long flank of the room opposite the window, is both rich and dignified. The carved mouldings throughout are in deep relief, which adds to the effectiveness of the room.

J.

MODERN PICTURES

IN THE COLLECTION OF THE EARL OF SANDWICH.



"VIEW OVER THE GULF ST. TROPEZ," BY SEGONZAC.

THERE are still a good many half-hearted admirers of modern art who insist on making the reservation that, however effective it may look at an exhibition or picture gallery, modern painting is not suitable for the decoration of a private house. They cannot conceal their interest in Derain and Matisse, but they will not admit that their works are the sort of things with which one would like to live. This idea may be partly due to the staggering effects of the Fauve movement, memories of which have long outlived the actual manifestation. But, whatever French art may have been twenty years ago, the art of to-day is in no way out of keeping with tradition, and takes its place perfectly naturally in even the finest type of English country house, as may be seen at Hinchingsbrooke, where the present Lord Sandwich has brought together one of the best collections of contemporary art in this country.

Though his taste is catholic, Lord Sandwich's preference is for those leaders of the French school who have brought art back on to the high road of tradition. The men of to-day are most fully represented at Hinchingsbrooke, but there are also a few examples of the older generation, especially among the drawings. A splendid starting point for this collection of drawings was already provided among the family heirlooms by the two beautiful Ingres drawings made in Rome in 1815-16, one representing Lady Harriet Montagu, afterwards Lady Ashburton, and Lady Caroline Montagu, afterwards Countess Walewska, as little girls; and the other, John, seventh Earl of Sandwich, as a child. Ingres was considerably patronised by English visitors to Rome, and just at that time, when he could hope for no official commissions from France, he was almost entirely dependent on what he could earn by these portrait drawings.

The beautiful study of a nude by Degas does not, at first sight, proclaim its affinity to Ingres, owing to its extreme angularity of design; but, in fact, Degas was one of the greatest continuators of the tradition of good draughtsmanship set up by Ingres. He was far more a draughtsman than a painter, and his association with the Impressionists was purely accidental. Renoir, on the other hand, had essentially a painter's vision, and the two small landscapes by him show the luminosity of his colour and reflect the radiant exuberance

of his nature, so unlike the austerity of Degas. Cézanne, again, is only represented by a drawing, but a very characteristic one, of the branching stem of a tree, slightly picked out with water-colour. Of Van Gogh there is an early painting, "Banlieue de Paris," in which his imaginative powers have not yet overstepped the bounds of realism; and a far finer drawing of a later period, every line of which seems to contribute to the animated rhythm of the growing trees. Something of Van Gogh's power to give life to everything he draws appears again in the drawing of "Le Mistral," by Segonzac, composed with the freedom and easy balance of a Japanese master in its principal masses and yet insisting on the very modern and definite organisation of space. These drawings, together with various others, including some by Augustus John, a composition illustrating the text "Suffer little children to come unto me" and a portrait sketch of Mme. Suggia, are hung on the panelling in the central hall, on the level of the eye and below a series of full-length portraits.

The finest paintings are in the study under the tower.

The place of honour over the mantelpiece is occupied by Dunoyer de Segonzac's "View over the Gulf St. Tropez," and the very formal arrangement of the landscape with its great mass of trees in the centre could not be better suited for such a position. Segonzac has done, perhaps, more than most living painters in continuing Cézanne's attempt to reconcile classical composition, as perfected by Poussin, with modern discoveries about light and colour. This recent landscape is particularly rich in colour, having none of the austere, earthy colours that characterised Segonzac some years ago, and is magnificently composed, with a strong emphasis on the various planes forming the rugged foreground, and contrasting with the smooth surface of the water beyond.

Derain's wood scene at Ollioules represents another post-Cézannian development. It is less pictorial—is, in fact, a plastic composition of tree-trunks and branches; but, thanks to the strong sense of recession, emphasised by the pool of water in the centre, and to the sunlight playing about the trees and concentrating on the farthest group, it combines a vivid sensuous appeal with its formal beauty.

The third great landscape in the room is a winter scene



"HEAD OF A GIRL," BY HENRY TONKS.

by Paul Maze, "Hurlingham Pond." In his handling Maze shows a considerable affinity to Segonzac, but actually he is much more concerned with surface design than with the composition of masses. In this picture the pattern produced by the beautifully balanced lines of the bridge and the trees is much more telling than the relative positions of these objects in space. Paul Maze is particularly well represented at Hinchbrook both by his paintings and his water colours. A whole room upstairs is filled with his work, illustrating every stage of his development during the last five or six years, and also showing the interesting way in which an artist reacts to the nature of the country in which he works. There must be something in the light and atmosphere of Paris that brings out the plastic quality, which is so strongly emphasised in the Pont Neuf; the London picture of the Horse Guards' under snow, on the



"JEUNE FEMME SE COIFFANT."
By Joseph Bernard.

other hand, is almost entirely atmospheric. The water-colours are mostly of boats, though there is a very beautiful one of Easdale.

But to return to the study. Among the earlier works a fantastic little group of nudes in a landscape by Monticelli may be mentioned, and a typical fishing scene by Boudin—one, however, in which the arabesque of the sails and figures produces a very striking effect. It is interesting to compare this picture, which is built up entirely by means of tone values, with the fairly similar scene by Bonnard, where everything, even shape, is expressed by means of colour: the reddish yellow sand in front comes forward, the blues and mauves on the boats and houses recede; but the moment these colour values disappear, as in a photograph, the whole picture loses its significance. Colour plays an equally important part in



"VIEW OF ARENIG," BY J. D. INNES.



"OLLIIOULES," BY DERAIN.



"HURLINGHAM POND," BY PAUL MAZE.

the "Femme Assise," by Matisse, though, as it happens, in this case strong contrast of tone is employed as well, producing a very fine design, further enhanced by the extreme simplification of line. But, owing to the expressive colour, the design is not on the surface only. This Matisse and the Modigliani are the only works in the collection that could be described as at all "fauve," though even in these one is more conscious of the classical simplification than of the distortions by which it has been arrived at. "Le Gamin," by Modigliani, represents the seated figure of a small boy seen full face, his arms symmetrically arranged before him, and the whole design revealing Modigliani's extraordinary sensitiveness for flowing, unbroken curves. This sense of line is even more apparent in his drawings, of which there is a very fine one in the collection.

Jean Marchand's "Chemise rose" differs from the typical toilet scene of the end of last century in being not a mere sketch from nature, however beautifully spaced, but essentially a composition. The curve of the figure is answered and carried upwards by the line of the curtain, while the strong horizontal of the rug hanging on the wall above puts a stop to this rising line and prevents it from leading the eye out of the picture.

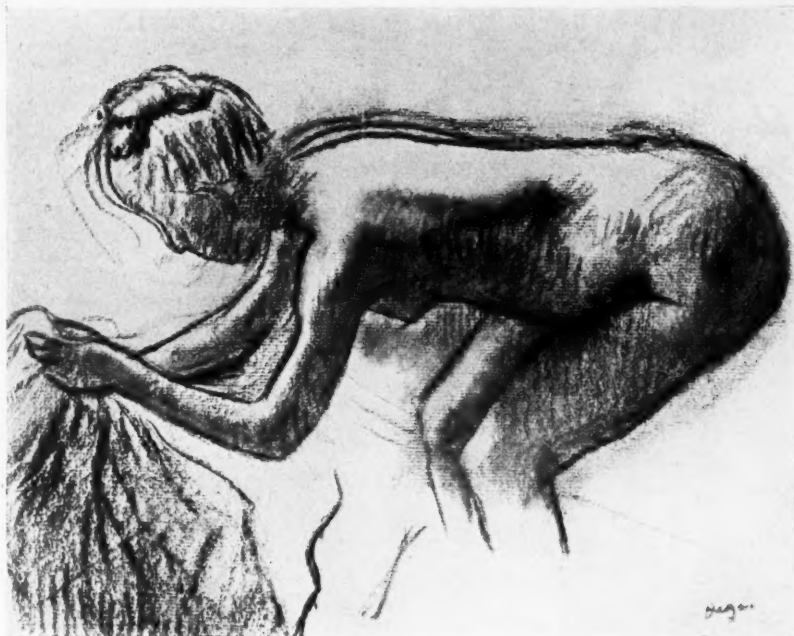
Though

French pictures predominate, Lord Sandwich possesses a few English works which hold their own remarkably well in the ensemble. Among the earlier works there is an attractive study of a nude by Etty, and a rare drawing by Bonnington. But the most important recent additions are the family portraits by the late Ambrose McEvoy. The group of the "Children of Lord Sandwich" was exhibited last year in the winter exhibition at Burlington House, when McEvoy was seen in close

proximity to Gainsborough and other eighteenth century Masters, and it was at once apparent how much he had in common with the great tradition of English portraiture. Seen here in its proper setting at Hinchbrook, in the drawing-room where it was painted and where it now hangs in company with Lely, the group gains immeasurably; the arrangement of the figures, which had appeared somewhat loose and unconventional, is pulled together by the setting, and the easy poses only serve to give vitality to the portraiture. There are also two portraits of the Countess of Sandwich, by McEvoy, one rather more finished than the other, and a water-colour of one of the children.

One of the most delightful works in the collection is the Head of a Girl, by Tonks. Though very subtly modelled and illuminated from two sources of light, it is extremely simple, unobtrusive in colour and full of Hogarthian vitality. Wilson Steer is represented by a landscape, "Bridgnorth," bathed in warm, mellow light and typically English in its charm. A more exciting effect is produced by a barely indicated landscape, "Envermen," by Sickert, consisting of some farm buildings, a few dark patches for trees, and the sun coming through a mist.

More beautiful—at least, from the point of view of a perfectly balanced



"NUDE," BY DEGAS.



"LANDSCAPE," BY VAN GOGH.

composition—is the view of Arenig, by J. D. Innes, the only English artist who showed a concern for design comparable to that of the French, but without any taint of imitation. His real forerunner, though possibly he was unaware of the fact, was his countryman Richard Wilson, unless, indeed, it was the character of the country that produced both. This lovely Welsh landscape already shows his tendency to stylisation in the treatment of the clouds and the foreground plants, but it is not yet abstract in colour, a soft blue atmosphere veiling the distance in the valley. Other works by him in the collection show him in a more romantic mood, and there is a remarkable instance of the influence he exercised on his contemporaries in a little picture by Derwent Lees, who worked together with him and John in Wales. It represents a typical Johnesque woman standing by a lake in which Innes-like hills are reflected. There can be little doubt that it was Innes who gave the imaginative stimulus to this group. Derwent Lees, like Innes, died young, and his work is far less well known, so that one day, it may be that authorities will dispute the attribution of a picture like the present one between Innes and John, since in quality it is worthy of either. That is how Giorgione problems arise.

Among the other English painters represented in Lord Sandwich's collection by either paintings or drawings are Ethel Sands, Louise Pickard, Stanley Spencer, Rodney Burn, Marjone Rowles, Vera Ross, Keith Beynes, Roger Fry, etc.

One very important piece of sculpture must be mentioned in conclusion—a beautiful bronze of a woman doing her hair, by Joseph Bernard, a French sculptor of the first rank, whose work is almost unknown in this country. Absolutely Greek in its beauty of form, this work is at the same time modern in its balance of masses.

M. CHAMOT.



"LE MISTRAL," BY SEGONZAC.

SPORT IN THE DUTCH EXHIBITION

AMONG the glorious collection of pictures lately seen at the Dutch Exhibition, Burlington House, there were two which must have had a special appeal for British sportsmen. These were "A Sportsman with his Dogs," by Adriaen Cornelisz Beeldemaker, and "Portrait of a Boy Hawking," by Aelbert Cuyp, both remarkable examples of Dutch art in the seventeenth century, the first of them especially being splendidly illustrative of the sport to be found in Holland at that period. Let it not be supposed that the Netherlands was then devoid of game, whatever its merits in the world of sport may now be. King William III evidently thought his native country much superior to England in the way of hunting during his reign in this country. From Loo in Holland, writing to his friend Bentinck in the autumn of 1697, he says: "We have taken two great stags, the first in Dorewaert, which is one of the biggest I have ever killed. He carried sixteen (points)." And again in 1698, writing from Windsor, he thus contrasts English hunting to the same correspondent: "I took a stag the day before yesterday in the forest, with the aid of the Prince of Denmark, and made a very pretty

for their long *roers*, as they then called their guns. In Sparrman's *Travels in South Africa*, published about 1780, may be seen Boers shooting at running elands and using wooden rests for their long guns. It will be noted that the gunner of the picture carries at his side a small French horn, the precursor of the immense hunting horns brought into fashion by the Comte de Dampierre for the *chasse à courre* (hunting with hounds) in the reign of Louis XV. The leading dog of all, with his pricked ears and wolf-like tail, looks very like an Alsatian of the present day.

The sportsman in the picture, painted life-size, is clad in a red coat. He wears, as may be seen, a very broad-brimmed felt hat. Slung over his long gun he carries a hare, most probably the trophy of his excellent greyhounds, whose muscular development is wonderfully shown by the painter. I do not remember to have ever seen a better painted greyhound than the dog nearest to the onlooker. This picture was painted in 1653, and is certainly one of the masterpieces of Continental sport, easily outpointing the huge and theatrical works of Snijders and other artists. It last appeared in the W. Gruyter sale at Amsterdam in October, 1882.



"A SPORTSMAN WITH HIS DOGS," BY A. C. BEELDEMAKER.

chase, as far as this miserable forest will permit." William of Orange, of course, always greatly preferred his native country to that of England, even in the domain of sport, a lack of taste for which his British subjects could never quite forgive him.

But to return to our illustrations. Beeldemaker's splendid painting of "A Sportsman with his Dogs" is one of the finest Continental representations of sport that one can recall. It is full of life and interest. The leash of greyhounds is wonderfully painted, and it is remarkable how very little they vary from the finest greyhounds of the present day, thus showing how wonderful is the continuity of race in this fine strain of coursing dog. The two dogs in front of them are obviously some kind of setter, which the sportsman no doubt used when seeking for a shot from his long gun. How gunners of that period could get results with such a cumbersome weapon is astounding. The weight of the gun, by reason of the inordinately long barrel, must have been a most formidable handicap. The Dutch Boers of South Africa, when hunting big game, even so late as the last quarter of the eighteenth century, used just such cumbersome smooth-bore weapons; but, in their case, they carried rests

Cuyp's "Portrait of a Boy Hawking" somewhat lacks the wonderful character and modernity of Beeldemaker's great picture. Painted in 1649, it represents, life-size, a young boy in a long red robe, little adapted for sport, hawking on the bank of a sluggish Dutch river. The costume, from head to foot, is rather a fanciful one, and the portrait was probably painted to please the eye of some fond parent. The classical sandals are out of the picture, where real sport is concerned, and the flowing and elaborately adorned robe is anything but fitted for the pursuit of hawking. On his gloved left hand the boy carries a falcon, while in front of him runs a spaniel, evidently trying for the scent of some kind of game. It is rather difficult to say whether the boy is carrying a peregrine or a goshawk on his fist; but I incline to think the hawk, from its shortish wings, is meant to be a goshawk, and as the spaniel seems to be questing for a hare or a rabbit, a goshawk would be used for that kind of quarry. A very pleasant and admirably painted picture this, evidently a decorative family piece; but, as a whole, the portrait is nothing like so real or so workmanlike as Beeldemaker's magnificent painting.

H. A. BRYDEN.